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The BYSTANDER

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS and RESORTS—(*continued*).

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Coq-sur-Mer.—Hotel Beau Rivage.—A charming site in the Garden City, fac. dunes, nr. Golf & Tennis. Mod. prices; all comfort.

Coq-sur-Mer (Nr. Ostend).—The Grand Hotel.—Golf. Tennis. Free Bathing. 1st class 10/- inclusive. Prop., Demeulenaere.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Casino Davico's Hotel.—All comfort. Pension from Fs. 45, with bath Fs. 65.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading hotel on the sea front. 125 rooms. Very mod. terms. Next to all attractions. A. van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—On sea front. From 10/- day inclusive. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

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FRANCE.

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Le Touquet.—Hotel Armenonville.—In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

Le Touquet.—The Carlton.—Facing sea. Terms from Fs. 60. Branch House: The Carlton, Beaulieu (Riviera).

Le Touquet.—Scampolo & Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st class hotel facing sea and swimming pool. H. Mosesco, Manager.

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FRANCE—(*continued*).

Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

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Wiesbaden.—GERMANY

Hotel Metropole - Monopole.—On the famous William Street. First class. Very moderate prices. Pension from RM.9.—up.

Hotel Nassauer Hof.—The most up-to-date Htl. Thermal wt. in every priv. bth-rm. Gar. Phone: 59761. Cable-Address "Nassautel."

The Palace Hotel.—One of the finest and most up-to-date cure hotels on Continent with all medicinal bths. Pens. from 10 Mks.

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Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9.—up.

GERMANY—(*continued*).

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Bad Homburg.—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Mineral baths, sunbaths in the hotel. Patronised by H.M. King Edward VII. Pension from 9 Marks.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus.—Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Erected 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Modern House. 130 beds., 25 bathrooms. 5 o'clock tea. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

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Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open air Restaurant.

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Gland, near Geneva.—La Ligniere.—Splendidly situated in own private park and beach by the side of Lake Geneva. Ideal for rest.

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The BYSTANDER

Hal Phyfe

CLAIRE LUCE

the American actress, who will again appear in London this autumn, when she will be seen with Fred Astaire in "Gay Divorce," one of the successes of the New York season. It was recently reported in a London newspaper that Claire Luce had broken her leg and might never dance again. Luckily, this information bore no resemblance to truth

THE · MIRROR · IN · MAYFAIR

Reflections on the World and his Wife . . .

By "QUICKSILVER"

I TRIED to find an adjective to describe this week. I was supplied with almost the same one by the *Oxford Dictionary*, and by the nicest débutante. "It 's been a ' grand ' week," she said. My dictionary supplied me with "Splendid: imposing, magnificent."

Above: a party at supper at the Ball, which was held under the auspices of the League of Nations Union; Miss Beryl Linderman, Mr. A. H. Robertson, Miss M. Crawford, Sir William Crawford, Lady Joseph and Mr. W. M. Rowland

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Tan. Mr. Tan is a member of the Chinese Delegation to the World Economic Conference

The International Ball

Count Almaisy, Mrs. Woolley-Hart and Mr. Murray Brittain were a suitably "international" trio of guests

Miss Winifred Paget, Major Jack Paget's daughter, having supper with Mr. A. J. Unwin at Grosvenor House, where the Ball was held

BOTH were right. It has been a grand week. A State garden-party; the arrival of King Feisal; a banquet at Buckingham Palace; a reception at Londonderry House; besides innumerable entertainments for the delegates of the World Economic Conference, and all the usual gaieties of mid-season.

THE garden-party at Windsor, the first for twenty years, was a medley of colour and diverse languages. The guests were drawn from sixty-six different nations, and the children of this generation will not need to be told the story of the Tower of Babel! Everyone enjoyed the strawberries and cream in the great red-and-white marquees, while officials hurried anxiously around, in case some important presentation was forgotten—not an easy task.

THE KING was looking particularly well, both then and when he greeted King Feisal of Iraq at Victoria, which was the most impressive welcome offered to a reigning monarch in recent years. Destroyers, aeroplanes, the salute of twenty-one guns, and the Duke of York meeting King Feisal at Dover, while the King, the Prime Minister, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester waited at Victoria to escort him, in the open State landau, with an escort of Life Guards, to Buckingham Palace. The cheering was tremendous, and most of us had the usual emotional lump in the throat.

THAT evening, Lord and Lady Londonderry had to hurry from the State banquet at the Palace to Londonderry House to receive the Conference delegates. They had taken part in a scene of great splendour, of one hundred and thirty guests at a horseshoe table in full-dress uniform or Court dress. The State service of gold plate (so difficult to eat off) was used, while King Feisal sat between King George and Queen Mary.

KING FEISAL is a tall, very distinguished-looking man. Iraq has made a brilliant advance under his rule, and it is, of course, a country of tremendous possibilities. King Feisal is a personal friend of King George, and he has also another English friend, T. E. Lawrence, who, unknown to most people, is in England. Under the name of Shaw, he is an aircraftsman at Mountbatten, the large Air Force station near Plymouth. Here he is in charge of the motor-boats, but, in his private's uniform, he visits various friends in the neighbourhood, arriving and departing on a motor-bicycle.

HOW few interesting and adventurous men there are, and they are difficult to meet, though all, thank goodness, are not quite so elusive as T. E. Lawrence! Yet I found a number of them at a cocktail-party given by Lady Maureen Stanley and Mrs. Michael Hornby. It was for charity, which generally means a collection of extraordinarily dull people, whose only asset is that they possess money. I am not prepared to state whether it was the Dockland Settlement or Lady Maureen who attracted so many men to Monseigneur. Suffice it to say it was the best cocktail-party of the week.

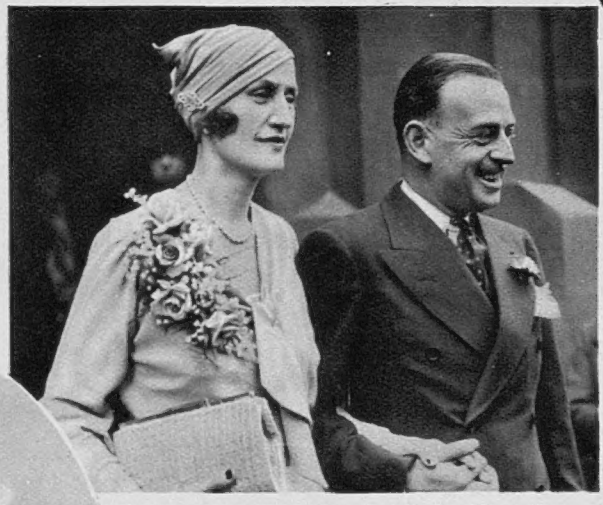
LORD BURGHLEY, looking lean and fit, was talking in his somewhat shy but engaging manner. Mr. Duff Cooper was being congratulated anew on the brilliance of his book, *Tallyrand*, undoubtedly one of the most able biographies we have had for a very long time. Captain Euan Wallace had come on from the House. As a member of the Government he is receiving some criticism for having bought an American car, and for extolling its virtues. The two best-looking men in London were there—Lord Sefton, tall, fair, distinguished, and Don Pepita Larios, the handsome Spaniard who, introduced to London by Lady Dumfries and her sister, Lady Moira

The Docklands Settlement Ball Committee in Session *Swaebe*

Lady Maureen Stanley, who is organising the Ball, has collected a strong Committee to help her. In the group above are, sitting, Lady Stavordale, Mrs. John Goodenday, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps, Mrs. Michael Hornby, Lady Maureen Stanley, Lady Baron, Mrs. Simon Marks; standing, Miss Sakavali, Lady Towle, Lady Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, Lady Castlereagh, and Miss Marks

Forbes, has had an unprecedented success. Lord Edward Stanley was listening gravely to Lady Castlereagh, whose father-in-law, Lord Londonderry, was his usual courtly self.

WE cannot, I find, talk of this week without frequent reference to the Londonderrys. The reception they held on Tuesday night was one of the most brilliant ever held in Londonderry House, which is saying a great deal. All the younger members of the Royal Family were present, and, personally, I have never seen such a wonderful display of jewels. The hostess wore her famous crown tiara with diamond necklace and ear-rings to match, and a dress of embroidered brocade. All the other women present seemed to have begged, borrowed, or manufactured a tiara for the occasion. I am assured by a well-known jeweller that the possession of a tiara to-day is a very rare thing, so at least fifty per cent. of the guests cannot have owned their very effective head decorations.



Don Francisco Larios and the Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Ruthven, leaving St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, after their wedding last week

Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. J. S. Munn

who was one of those who attended Court last week, and went with her stepfather, the Hon. Sir Edgar Bowring, who was High Commissioner for Newfoundland from 1918 to 1923

DETERMINED to miss nothing, for that, of course, is the only thing to fear, people hurried from Londonderry House to the Aeolus Concert at the Duke of Marlborough's, in Carlton House Terrace. Lady Cunard, as usual, was indefatigable and arrived late but quite unexhausted, talking earnestly and very quickly, and looking around with swift, bird-like movements. "Emerald" is, somehow, a most unsuitable name for her, although she chose it herself a few years ago, discarding "Maud" as too old-fashioned. Lady Diana Cooper also managed to enjoy both parties, and when I say "enjoy" I mean it, for Lady Diana has the greatest and most sincere capacity for enjoyment. She looked almost unreally beautiful in magnolia satin, her only ornament a single pink orchid. She was beautiful when she "came out," but I believe she is even more lovely now; there is a wonderful depth of character to-day in what was, and is, a perfect face.

Lenare

The Hon. Monica Brand

Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's youngest daughter, who is nineteen, has just announced her engagement to Mr. D'Arcy Lambton, son of the Hon. Claude and Mrs. Lambton, of Tingrith Manor, Bletchley, and a cousin of the Earl of Durham

IT was at the Duke of Marlborough's that a charming Frenchman told me what an unusual interest Paris showed in Barbara Hutton's marriage. The fuss, envy, and malice caused over it is all the more absurd because she is a very charming and almost unspoilt person. She is frankly in love, and why should not she spend £1500 on her trousseau? I find that fault-finding generally comes from the comparatively comfortably-off, not the really poor. Anyway, the onlookers, who apparently do nothing else, were rewarded for their patience.

THE crowd at the Lady Hélène Hay and Mr. Lionel Berry wedding saw a very lovely one, dignified and conventional, with no publicity-seeking extravagances to spoil the simple beauty of the St. Margaret's service. The Bishop of London officiated. He grows more and more distinguished, and I know no one whose character is more plainly revealed by his facial expression. He is forceful, and his voice, however modulated, seems to vibrate with determination. I feel no one would dare to dissolve a marriage made by the Bishop.

Sand in the Season's Hour-Glass

London Lilies

Above: Miss Pamela Kingsmill was one of the helpers at the Garden-Party in aid of the West London Hospital, and found the lily-pond a nice, peaceful place when she had a few minutes off from the cares of a saleswoman

Right: Lady Dashwood, Miss Faith Cockaine, and Miss Pamela Nicholl, helped with the cocktail bar at this Garden-Party held at Holland House

Mrs. E. H. Peeling and Mr. Geoffrey Peto, M.P., were two of the large number of guests at the reception given by the Chairman and Committee of Lloyds to members of the Economic Conference

Mr. Anthony Holden, 12th Royal Lancers, and Miss Eve Twiss were married last week at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Miss Twiss's father, Lieut.-Colonel C. C. H. Twiss, is Secretary of State of Jaipur, and all the Jaipur polo team, at present playing in England, were guests at the wedding

Mostly in London

Parties for Pictures, Dinner and Charity

Sasha

Pictures—by the London Artists' Association

Above: guests at Mr. Samuel Courtauld's cocktail-party to celebrate the London Artists' Association's Exhibition, including Miss Jeanne de Casalis, Miss Marjory Binner, Mr. Edward Woolfe, an exhibitor, Miss Antonia White, author of "Frost in May," Mr. J. Maynard Keynes, one of the Guarantors, and Miss Rosemary Case

Right: Miss Henrietta Bingham, the American Ambassador's daughter, looking at some of the photographs in the Peter North Exhibition

Saska

Pictures Again—Looking at an Exhibit

Lady Patricia Moore studying one of the pictures in the London Artists' Association Summer Exhibition, at the Cooling Galleries, with Mr. Samuel Courtauld, who was the host of the opening-day cocktail-party

Swaebe

Parties—this one at Great Fosters

Above: Miss Pooley, the Hon. Godfrey Butler, and the Earl and Countess of Carrick dining at Great Fosters last week. Lady Carrick is an American, the daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Donoghue, of Philadelphia. Mr. Butler is Lord Carrick's third brother

A. Owen

Left: another of last week's parties was Mrs. Clarence Gasque's at the Elms, her Hampstead house, when four of the guests were Miss Flora and Miss Louise Fermor-Hesketh, Miss Cecilia Waring, Lady Clementine Waring's younger daughter, and her cousin, Lady Georgina Hay

A Racing Reverie

Jockeys—Ancient and Modern

By "Regular"

V. Poole

Mrs. Victor Parr

The new Master of the Meath watching a race at the Curragh. Mrs. Parr owns several racehorses, and is one of the best horsewomen in Ireland. When next season opens, she will be the youngest M.F.H. in Ireland, and probably in England

Trio at Newbury

Lady Grenfell, Mrs. Curzon Howe, and the Hon. Nina Grenfell were not deceived by the Newbury meeting last week being the summer one, but all went there fitted out and prepared for the worst with umbrellas and mackintoshes

BROWN JACK and Limelight have certainly revolutionised the last day of Ascot. In the old days, "your dear Mother" and those ladies of similar social standing, would never dream of attending, the gathering being confined to the more speculative of your men acquaintances employed in getting further and further into the soup.

NOWADAYS, things are very different, and "your dear Mother," who likes a good cry as well as anybody, would sooner miss the Gold Cup than the spectacle of "Steve" and Brown Jack being treated as if they had just saved the entire nation from some dreadful disaster.

IT is all very moving though, and even "your dear Father" was deeply affected, judging by his behaviour on the way home. A lump in the throat, as produced by those two grand old gentlemen, "Steve" and Brown Jack, requires a deal of washing down.

THE stampede to the unsaddling enclosure to welcome them was so reminiscent of Capparetto that several of the waiters employed in the Club tents fainted. Old gentlemen on the Iron Stand, with one foot in the grave, and the other in terror of being trodden on, did the subterranean hundred yards from Tattersall's to the paddock in "even" time; your "dear sisters" behaved as they do when they see a gossip-writer, a photographer or their favourite violinist, while "your dear Mother" cried quietly but unrestrainedly, and then went to look for "your dear Father," whom she discovered also quite overcome.

PRIOR to this, we had let ourselves go over Limelight, after his victory in the most popular colours in the world. How we cheered, even those of us who 'd done in our stuff, and anyone who considers us unemotional should have been present on this memorable day.

THIS great victory was only made possible by a superlative piece of riding on the part of Joe Childs, who saved Limelight for one long run, and then fairly "blinded" them. How these "old gentlemen" can ride!

THIS reminds me of a conversation I had with a Nasty Disgruntled Old Punter (you all know him) on the subject of Buckham, who, according to some people, invented riding. I happened to say that I thought he was very good. "So he may be," replied the N.D.O.P., "but what 's he got to beat over here? Only Gordon Richards and four old gentlemen." This is not my view.

BUCKHAM is a true Colonial in that he is chock-full of the confidence which gets you there, and when he was being overwhelmed with congratulations confessed himself as not in the least surprised at his success, adding, with, I feel sure, every justification, "I 'm the Gordon Richards of where I come from."

No owner could have been more loyally served by his jockey than the Aga Khan has been by Beary, and I hope to see the latter riding in these popular colours for many years. The Aga is far too good a judge to attribute the present run of bad luck to any shortcomings on the part of his jockey, though a number of people who delight in poking their noses into other people's affairs, are already hinting at a change.

I DO not pretend to know the "low down" on the "schimozzle" at the start which led to Steve being on the ground for a few seconds and Michael for the remainder of the meeting, but in fairness to Michael I must say that, with the present starting-gate, consisting of five strands of thick rope to assist him, the starter *should* be capable of managing the jockeys himself, without calling in the assistance of the stewards. Furthermore, in a race over one mile and five furlongs, jockeys are not particularly anxious to get a "flyer."

I KNOW of no more faithful Regular than Major Cuthbert Blundell. No matter whether its Ascot, with all its glory in brilliant sunshine, or Plumpton, with four runners and two tryers in a snowstorm, we are sure to find him.

REAL enthusiasm such as his is not always rewarded with its true deserts—the possession of a good horse; but in his case it has been, and in The Divot, the winner of a truly thrilling race for the Cork and Orrery, he owns the kind of horse we 'd all love to have. Many congratulations to him, and also to Eric Stedall, who does so splendidly with his little stable of flat racers and jumpers, down at Lewes.

BEFORE we reluctantly drag ourselves away from Ascot we must just offer our congratulations to Mr. Esmond on his great victory in the Gold Cup. The fact that we have all been trying to forget it ever since doesn't alter the fact that it was a great performance on the part of a horse who hadn't been able to give two stone to Beau-Frère on the previous day.

ON the Saturday we went to Windsor—the races, not the Garden-Party—where everyone who was IN got OUT, and those who weren't in at all made a little bit more, and we all got wet. The bookmakers told us what a miserable life they had; Sir Alfred Butt won his usual race, though the animal in question, Fruitful, zig-zagged all over the place, as if he 'd had a couple and saw two winning posts; Gordon got his usual brace, and we all said what good fun this racing is, and wondered why we ever did anything else, and how we ever managed to lose; and a great week ended with fun at one of those river-side resorts where one does one's best to forget that one's in the country.

Sasha

When Punch's Club throws a party, it makes a corner in London's best party-goers for the evening. Lady Phyllis Allen, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, and Lady Warrender were a trio who were "cornered" at the May Fair Hotel when Punch's third party took place there last Tuesday

Above: Miss Sonia Converse looking contemplative and as if Duke Ellington might have just played "Mood Indigo"; with her is Lord Scarsdale

Miss Jeannette Macdonald dancing with Mr. Nick Prinsep, who is a Punch's Club regular, and a party-going regular, too

Above: Mr. Robert Douglas, who is playing in "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Haymarket, having supper with Miss Lisa Maugham, Mr. Somerset Maugham's daughter

Right: Lady Scarsdale, listening to Duke Ellington's trombone expert, perhaps, and Mr. John Hopwood certainly listening to Mrs. Converse

A Syncopated Brew

Punch's Club Gave a Party and Duke Ellington Played Hot Music

Right: the Hon. Eileen Brougham and Mr. Henry Cavendish were in the same party

"North and South of the Tweed"

Mr. Lionel Berry and Lady Hélène Hay's Wedding

Mr. Lionel Berry, Sir Gomer Berry's eldest son, and Lady Hélène Hay, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, had a very big wedding last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Hélène Hay had four pages in Highland dress, and no less than eighteen bridesmaids

Miss Alison Campbell, a débutante of last year, and Mrs. Nigel Campbell outside Mrs. Meyer Sassoon's house, where the reception was held

Lady Max Muller and her son, Mr. Max Muller, arriving in Hamilton Place for the wedding reception

Viscount Cranley, who is the eldest son of the Earl of Onslow, and Mrs. Lee Guinness were two more of the guests

The Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte, eldest daughter of the late Lord Buckland, who married Mr. Thomas Thistlethwayte in 1930, is a cousin of the bridegroom

Mrs. J. N. Horlick and her younger daughter were at the wedding together. Miss Ursula Horlick, who is seventeen this year, is not out yet, but she has been doing a sub-deb's season

Another mother-and-daughter "combination": Lady Dawson of Penn and the Hon. Rosemary Dawson walking up Hamilton Place after the bride and bridegroom had left for their Continental honeymoon

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sobs, Saccharine and Sacrifice

Sketches by Rouson

"Proscenium," at the Globe Theatre

The influence of the "Talkies" on the Stage! Fay Compton goes all Dietrich as the actress-manageress-producer of "Romeo and Juliet"

"Proscenium" (Globe)

To enjoy Ivor Novello's *Proscenium*, which is another play about plays and players, you don't have to believe in an actress of forty-three (Fay Compton) who swoons on the carpet because the specialist says she 's too old to have a baby, who lets her boy-husband (Ivor Novello) play Romeo, in her own theatre, to the Juliet of a younger rival (Joan Barry), and who finally sacrifices her career as an actress-manageress so that her beloved spouse may carry on the Tree tradition at His Majesty's under the Stars and Stripes.

You don't have to believe that Joan Barry could make any sort of job of Juliet, Potion-scene or no Potion-scene, or that Fay Compton is too old for Juliet, or that Ivor Novello could get away with Romeo merely because he was jolly good at it in the O.U.D.S.

In fact, to get your money's worth you don't have to believe in any of these back-stage miracles. All the time, a front-stage miracle is being performed under your nose by an actress who could play Juliet on her head at fifty (too old my foot!). The way Fay Compton gets to grips with the glamour and the sentiment, the pathos, and the real tears is a conjuring trick worth a guinea a stall. All the time her enchantment held me in thrall (and, believe me, it was a magnificent performance), I thought of the gallery-girls, with lumps in their throats and not a dry blouse among them. What a grand and glorious feeling, to see Fay and Ivor together through rose-coloured spectacles, and find them, at the end of three glorious acts and five years of unswerving matrimony, still the constant and the perfect lovers!

CLEARING the air of sobs, saccharine and sacrifice, we can strike a favourable balance-sheet for stall-holders. Our Mr. Novello, for one thing, is tightening up his technique as a playwright, which is a useful asset for future adventures. His story has sequence, pattern and direction, and the "asides" (there is one neat little scene outside the stage door which helps us to believe that Shakespeare, mis-cast, can achieve a two-hundredth performance) are neither too long nor too liberal. As an actor Mr. Novello has outgrown his profile, which can't have been too easy. He makes the star's husband quite a nice, tactful young man, with enough nous to play second fiddle to his wife and enough spirit to desire secretly his own reputation. It was a shock and a surprise to find him as his own father in the prologue, a grey-haired Colonel, very much the soldier and the gentleman. In this kind of part you might have expected Mr. Novello, a few years ago, to be sublimely ridiculous. Now he 's confoundedly good. Zena Dare, as his high-Society mother, takes her fans by storm with a dazzling smile and a succession of "bricks"—stop me and buy one—which never fail to ring the bell.

TRINCULO.

The actor-manager (Ivor Novello) tells his new leading-lady (Joan Barry) just where she gets off. But the leading-lady, true to tradition, counters his vituperation with the tyranny of tears. She insisted on playing Juliet!

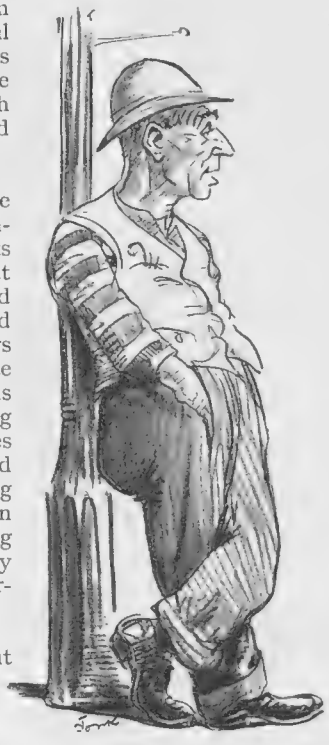
Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

RUMOURS about Debt payments and the Economic Conference have been endless for the last few weeks, and since rumour very often stimulates business in the gilt-edged market, there has been a certain amount doing there. When official news, whatever its character, settles the fate of the rumours, prices are liable to go down, and business grows slack again. Elsewhere in the House, the process is reversed; uncertainty has as stagnating an effect on industrials and the rest as rumour keeps alive interest in gilt-edged stocks. Everyone is, of course, waiting with as much hope as previous disillusionings will allow, and at least every market is optimistic that, if things go well, the general public will forget how much money they lost in the last boom, and come back again!

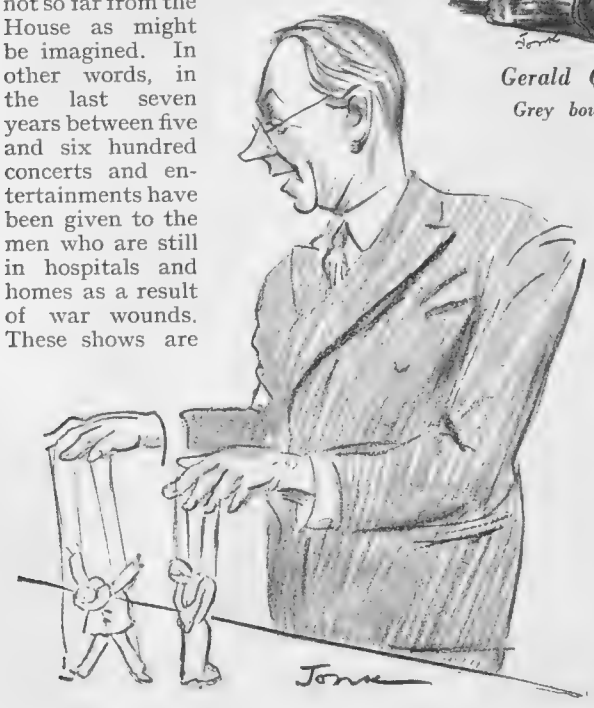
To turn (with a sigh of relief) to more personal affairs, Warwick Smith's election-day letter did cause a to-do in some parts of the House. His suggestion that brokers' business should be pooled and equally shared out between firms stirred up a regular hornet's nest. Members could be heard exclaiming in no delicate terms how monstrous, how scandalous an idea it was, and could be seen tearing up the letter with such vicious gestures that one could almost believe they wished it was not only the letter that was being handled so. The poll for the election was a big one, Hubert Smithers being elected a member of the Committee by some eleven hundred votes to the letter-writer's nine hundred.



Gerald Quihampton

Grey bowler and all

"IT 's a long way to Tipperary," but not so far from the House as might be imagined. In other words, in the last seven years between five and six hundred concerts and entertainments have been given to the men who are still in hospitals and homes as a result of war wounds. These shows are made possible by the Stock Exchange War Wounded Entertainments Fund, for which collections are made in the House, the last one, in March, totalling about £1400. They are organised by Gus Cummings and "Goddy" Godwin, whose energy is unbounded—and collecting anything from six to a score of performers for each entertainment takes some doing. A week or two ago one of these concerts was given at Giffard House, Putney, the fiftieth and last at this particular home, as it is closing down and the patients are being transferred to Worthing. It was a gala night, with twenty picked "turns" and a presentation on the programme. "Jonk," who was there, was asked to convey everyone's thanks to all the supporters of the Fund.



"Goddy" Godwin

The "blue boys'" impresario

BASIL WILSON, who was once himself a "blue boy" at Sidcup Hospital, and therefore knew something of the concerts from the other side, had the excellent idea of putting tins around the House with notices beside them, and into these tins members throw their halfpennies, to go towards the Fund. He is trying to raise a quarter of a million halfpennies in this manner.

To continue our discourse on the summer hattery in the House: George Cholmondeley's spotless Panama and Gerald Quihampton's grey bowler make a striking contrast. George Cholmondeley, who is the present Lord Cholmondeley's brother, has the face of an Adonis to wear his hat above, as well as a voice of silver and speech of velvet. Gerald Quihampton does not deny the current rumour that his bowler was purchased off a barrow round which the language was turning the air blue. The rumour may be libellous, but it serves to illustrate this contrast in hat styles.

Lord George Cholmondeley

The Beau Brummel of the House

EVEN so eminent a member as Claude Serocold does not disdain to wear a boater nowadays. So those members who are bashful about appearing in theirs for the first time can take fresh courage. The added comfort of his straw hat seems to have had a splendid effect on Claude Serocold. Everyone is liable to get a bit prickly at times in a heat-wave, and the statistics about the temperature inside a policeman's helmet and the temperature inside a boater can be quite aptly applied to top-hats in the House. Claude Serocold takes a shoot most years in England as well as Scotland; he is a keen yachtsman as well. And he is a director of the Savoy, that ideal place for giving lunch to impressionable clients.

WHO knows—

Which member, on going for a cruise, took a letter of introduction from a fellow-member to the captain of the ship, who happened to be his brother, and why the letter said something about pompous bores being a menace to society?

Who was the somnolent member who had a printed card on his back, with "Please do not disturb" in English on one side, and in French and German on the other?

Why hasn't the King Ugly had his hat smashed?

Left :
Miss Margaret Rawlings

"Thy branchés ne'er remember
Their green felicity . . ."
—Keats

Below :
The Comtesse de Villeneuve

"Mais qu'il fait sombre !
On n'y voit goutte . . .
Lève donc un peu l'abat-jour."
—Paul Geraldy

"Lovely Lines"

Further Examples of Poem and Personality in the Peter North Exhibition

THESE portraits of the Comtesse de Villeneuve and Miss Margaret Rawlings are two of the exhibits in the Peter North 1933 Exhibition, which opened on June 20th in Old Burlington Street, and from which a number of photographs were reproduced in "The Bystander" last week. All the "sitters" have chosen or had chosen for them a quotation to accompany and illustrate their portraits—hence the title of the Exhibition

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

DISTINGUISHED

HOT·POT

The Lady Ashley

"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace"

Lady Ashley chose these words of Ben Jonson's to accompany her portrait in Peter North's "Lovely Lines" Exhibition of photographs. Most of her friends have, unfortunately, had to be content with seeing her picture there, as she herself has been in a nursing home for a week or two

AMONG Society's air-minded—Mrs. Montagu.

* * *

HAVE we forgotten the salt?

* * *

DOES Lady Forres like dancing with Lord Forres?

* * *

DOES Lady de Clifford like London?

* * *

BLONDE and lovely Mrs. Pim,
Gaily laughing, full of vim!
Just makes any party go—
That is why we like her so;
Send the gloomy bores away,
I've asked Sybil Pim to stay.

* * *

A SILVER-HAIRED American has received a good deal of publicity since she became friends with a good-looking M.P.

IS Two Lord Warwick's lucky number?

* * *

AND his wife came too—to Le Touquet.

* * *

WHY is Lady Lever called "Poodle"?

HAS Lady Diana Cooper found another Miracle?

* * *

A WELL-DRESSED wife without savings is getting more and more anxious.

* * *

IS a much-written-up débutante as young as she sounds or her mother says?

* * *

HAS Lady Furness given up gloves and a bun?

* * *

WE want to know—
Is Miss Ulrica Thynne?
If Mr. Simon Marks?

* * *

DO ex-Gaiety chorus girls make good mothers? Ask their daughters.

* * *

PARIS agrees that Mrs. Reggie Fellowes dresses better than she writes.

* * *

LORD COWLEY evidently believes in "marriage in haste."

* * *

ARE not Lady Patricia Moore's replies to wedding presents models of well-expressed gratitude?

* * *

WILL Suzanne Lenglen's "ideal tennis dress" of "shorts and a brassière" be accepted by Lady Crosfield?

* * *

DID the Lygon sisters expect a few kind words in Patrick Balfour's book?

* * *

LORD TENNYSON says "Love is a pleasing affair." What do his girl friends think?

Photographs Peter North

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Another portrait in the "Lovely Lines" Exhibition is that of Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, for which Pope supplied the text,

"To err is human, to forgive divine"

Why is Miss Pike called "Pom"?
Why is Mr. Whitelaw called "Grimy"

* * *

IS not the Count de Pret-Roose lucky to have such an admired wife?

* * *

WOULD the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava care for simple little frocks?

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

THE World Economic Conference is having peculiar repercussions on domestic politics. It has sent Mr. Neville Chamberlain's reputation soaring up again, and almost in a night he has regained the place he occupied about three years ago. Those were the days when he was not so much to succeed as to supersede Mr. Baldwin. Lately, Mr. Chamberlain has had a lean time of it. He has been his own worst enemy; he has suffered for his words rather than his deeds. Now a happy combination of the two has given him a fresh start.

WHAT will he make of it? Nothing! For Mr. Baldwin, who has always had the courage of his convictions and been ready to fight for them whenever his own position was in jeopardy, is on the warpath again.

MR. BALDWIN is the Government's weather-vane. When all is well, he slips quietly out of the picture; his more adventuresome, if not so astute, colleagues pass, one after the other, before the public gaze. But as soon as there is trouble, Mr. Baldwin comes gradually to the front and by sheer personality puts things right. When, as happens to-day, the Government's prestige and his own career are both assailed at the same time, he has the advantage of confounding his personal critics with the need for national unity, and the Government's critics with a plea for loyalty to himself.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, so I hear, is feeling well-nigh overwhelmed by the problem of India. He has not the stamina of his chief. I think he feels too deeply. Certainly he has been acutely sensitive of the attacks made on him as the agent of the Government's policy. In the past he has been one of the star performers of the National Coalition, but now he is retiring gracefully in favour of Mr. Baldwin, who, to date, has made only two speeches in the country on India, though he is planning to make many more in the future.

INDISPENSABILITY is Mr. Baldwin's trump-card, and it is better, as he plays it, than all the rest of the pack put together. But what a dangerous game for him it is! He couldn't have learnt it from Mary Webb. Who was his tutor?

IN the meantime, the Socialist Party is racked with internecine strife and, quite unknown to probably nine-tenths of the electorate, the question as to who is to be the next Socialist Prime Minister is being pretty rudely settled, as well as the policy, whoever it is, he will have to carry out. Trade Unionism is fighting hard to retain its hold on the Party, but the new Socialist Fascism has all the virility of a new movement, without the encumbrances of a past or the difficulties of the present.

Mr. Hubert Duggan — *Hay Wrightson*

M.P. for Acton and Parliamentary Private Secretary to Captain D. Euan Wallace, M.C., M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty. An ex-Guardsman, he is the second son of the late Mr. Alfred Duggan and Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston

THE alliance of Sir Stafford Cripps with Mr. Bevin bodes no good for someone. I cannot believe that Mr. Citrine will be a match for them. Sir Stafford, I have been told, is inclining more and more towards dictatorship, and there is no need to ask whom he fancies as Dictator. It is not Mr. Bevin. But he has ideas on the subject too.

THE Commons are restive, the Conference is resigned. There is nothing to be done about it. At least, the Geological Museum echoes to the telephone conversations of Mr. J. H. Thomas. At Westminster, we have to put up with Mr. Wise's Latin lesson.

MR. WISE, who sits for Smethwick—they seem to like omniscient men there—gave the House the benefit of his knowledge the other day on the scansion of a hexameter. He was putting Mr. Lyons in his place. The scene is typical: two of the Conservative Party's young men seriously arguing in the House of Commons over the pronunciation of a dead language!

MR. HOROBIN, who is such a brilliant man that he can't fit in anywhere and has to call himself a Nationalist, is letting his tongue run away with him. His speeches must be listened to—they cannot be missed, they are Parliamentary performances; but he is neglecting the substance for the form. He is too clever to be taken in, surely, by the sound of his own voice repeating Guedalla-like phrases that may or may not come from Oscar Wilde.

Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell

the First Lord of the Admiralty and one of the few holders of the post who did not "stick to his desk and never went to sea"

FOR many years now those who move in the innermost circles of Downing Street and Whitehall have seen Mr. S. D. Waley marching along the high road to success. The South Kensington conversazione is a by-pass for him, as it were, and all his admirers' prophesies are coming true. The Treasury men have lately had chances which, in the old days, came the way only of the Foreign Office. They have undoubtedly made the most of them.

IT is a great pity that some of the more flamboyant and notorious of our young men and women whose doings figure so frequently and so prominently in the daily Press never see the Socialist weeklies. They would be surprised how fully they are reported. The *Clarion* and the *New Leader*, to mention two, always make a special feature of "Society's Latest Exploits." They are excellent propaganda; and so easy, too, for in most cases comment is needless.

Delirious Dialogues: No. 18. Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Gordon Harker

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Sir Gerald: *This is getting serious, my good man. Again, yesterday, I was mistaken for you. Personally, I fail to see any likeness—in fact, I find you distinctly plain.*

Gordon Harker: *'Andsome is as 'andsome does, and you're no hoil painting yourself, as you might say.*

Sir Gerald: *There's no need to be offensive. Anyway, if this ridiculous resemblance really exists I must ask you to give up the stage as a profession. I cannot be confused with the common parts you play. It lets down the old school, y'know. I've always been so particular myself—*

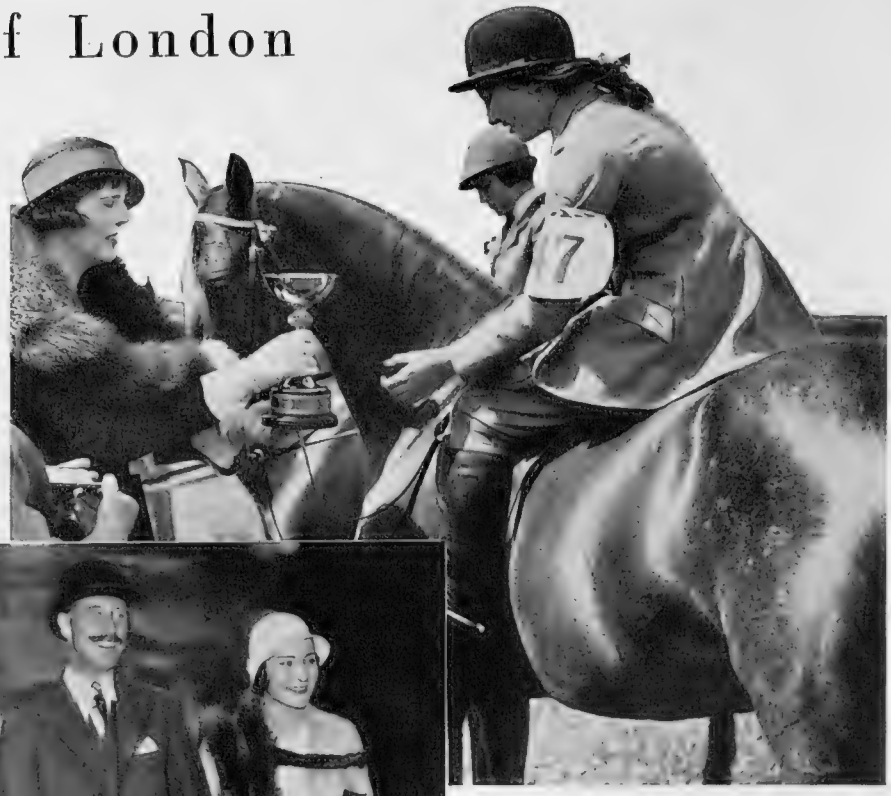
Gordon Harker: *Oh, come horf it! Don't be so blinkin' particular. We're all brothers under the skin. As a matter of fact, Sir Gerald, I'm an old public school boy myself.*

Sir Gerald: *Why ever didn't you say so before? Everything's all right, then. What a foolish mistake I've made! Why, I should have guessed you were a pukka sahib, with a face like that!*

Mostly Out of London

Dates in Last Week's Social Diary

The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvie, who married the Earl of Airlie's brother two years ago, was one of the helpers at the Guthrie Castle Garden Fête, and was photographed at work on her "pitch," the Doll's House



Above: Countess Howe presenting the Furnival Cup, for girls under sixteen, to Miss Norah Walker at the gymkhana at the Blairavon Riding School, Bucks

Below: Lady Alington and Mlle. Livia Paravicini leaving Lady Crosfield's annual charity tennis party at Highgate, which had to be postponed because of the thunderstorms, and will take place next month instead

Above: Mr. George Newman and Lady Joan Villiers, who were married yesterday, photographed at Waterloo, where they went to meet the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Lady Joan Villiers' father and mother, who arrived back from South Africa in time for the wedding

Left: Lady Foley and her son, Lord Foley, in the garden at Westbrook, their Eastbourne home. Lady Foley was Miss Minoru Greenstone, the daughter of Mr. Harry Greenstone, of South Africa. Her son, who is ten in August, succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1927

Lady Alington and Mlle. Livia Paravicini

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

By Frank Ford

"Oh, I just dashed it off"

Juan-les-Pins

This baby metropolis has quite a night life; blazes away until dawn washes the window-sill. Even the "gay house" by the railway arch flaunts a neon sign—which seems to us a pretty shameful touch of modernity! Most-favoured haunts are the Cuba, the Hollywood, Maxim's, and the Casino (dancing and drinking); the Colombier, the Viking, the Chatham, and the Potinière (drinking only); and the Pam-Pam (coffee, orange juice, and hot-dogs). Ping-pong tables are ubiquitous, with the French, Hungarian, and American champions around to demonstrate that it isn't the soft game you always imagined it was. Most places are charging 12 francs a drink (and some, 14), whether lemonade or champagne cocktail. This is having a depressing effect on the Gay Poor: is driving them to seek entertainment in the harbour cafés of Antibes, where consommations are 2 francs 50 and electric pianos provide the dance music. A scientist friend of ours reckons that, if Evolution takes its present course, gin will have entirely disappeared from the gin-fizzes here by about 1983. Last night-place to open was the Hollywood; outdoor dancing to Billy Arnold and his Music. Arnold rates high among Côte d'Azur maestros, but seemed to us a pulpy proposition, lacking brass. Best band in town is the quintet at the Cuba, which puts across unpretentious rumbas with a suggestion of style. The film world was, appropriately, strongly represented at the Hollywood opening, with Jack Buchanan, Rex Ingram, Alice Terry, Dorothy Hyson, Elsie Randolph, Rosita Garcia, William Kendall, Vera Pearce, and Helen Gilliland. Only celebrity of the coast who failed to appear was ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker. He had left that day for London; had to represent an American newspaper at the Economic Conference.

At the time of writing, Buchanan is still "turning" *That's A Good Girl* on Cap d'Antibes. Faithful to Elstree procedure, the unit came out for ten days' shooting, but has stopped five weeks. Current explanation is that the weather has been against them, but everyone on the unit is burnt

"Waiter! . . ."

Conchita Supervia

the Spanish prima donna, who is giving recitals at the Wigmore Hall on July 3 and July 5. The second half of her very interesting and varied programme is devoted to a series of songs in Spanish costume, not in the least like the Ascot frock she is seen wearing above

Standing By . . . (Continued from page 569)

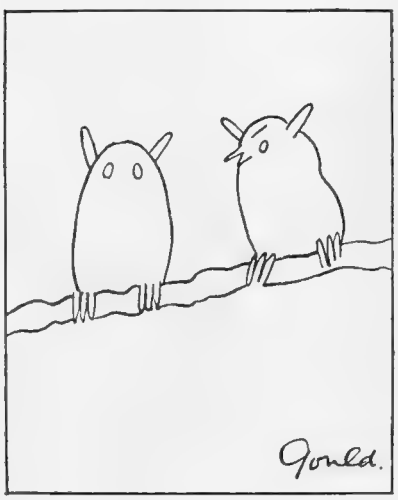
Jazz in Excelsis

A caricature of Duke Ellington, who, with his band, has lately been appearing at the Palladium. The performance has been described as "causing excitement and exacerbation of the nerves . . . not an orgy, but a scientific application of measured and dangerous stimuli," a comment doubtless much appreciated by the Duke

Lydia Sherwood

A picture by Ruby Boardman of this clever actress, who is appearing as Charlotte Brontë, in "The Brontës," at the Royalty. Miss Boardman has lately exhibited some of her paintings at the Wertheim Gallery, and they are an interesting example of French tradition in positive drawing and negative colour. She is American by birth and Paris trained

so brown that they may have difficulty in putting the story across Herbert Wilcox. We crept out to see them working, at Lord Abercrombie's place, Château de la Garoupe. Groups of actors, cameramen, and sound-experts sat around in bathing-suits, comparing sun-brown and boasting of their losses at boule. Under a tree a dance band was playing, with a sort of hectic energy—as though to keep itself awake. If ever we saw Nordics struggling (and not so fiercely) against the insidious spell of the South—! The only person showing signs of life was Jack Buchanan himself. He was in the rose garden, being chased by a troupe of Russian dancers; part of the film, not just passion run riot.



Our Nature Study Department

"Can't you say something? Sitting there like a stuffed owl!"

A STRONG party of Buddhist monks is on its way to Europe. Idea is to convert Europeans to Buddhism. This ranks, unchallenged, as the Neatest Trick of the Week. For centuries European missionaries have been bothering Buddhists and other excellent unbelievers, but until now no one ever thought of turning the tables. Eighty monks ought to be quite a nuisance.

So Foggia has done it again: stolen into the news with the story of the two boys and three girls born there at one birth. This little Italian town is famous—to us, at least—as the home of the Red House. This was still standing when we were last there, though there was talk of it coming down. House dated back, we believe, to the sixteenth century. A choleric lawyer who held the adjoining property strenuously resisted the efforts of a wine-merchant to build next door to him. The latter was all set to construct when the attorney contrived to divert all water from his property so that the masons could not mix their mortar. Wine-merchant retaliated by bringing along barrels of Chianti and having the masons use that instead. Result was that the house turned out red. That is their story in Foggia—and they stick to it, though it seems to us that the wine-merchant would have shown a nicer sense of economy if he'd brought along barrels of water! Whether true or not, the tale would make a pleasant libretto for an opera. If Verdi had found it too cheerful, he could always have walled up half-a-dozen masons in the mortar, thus achieving what, at Covent Garden, they call the "Verdi touch." He was never happy unless he had managed to butcher half his characters by the end of the evening.

We were interested to observe how humanity passed the Last Day. It was Mr. Arthur Ware who thought up the notion that, on June 12, all the Good were to be snatched up on a cloud, leaving the Wicked behind to do what they could with thirty years of famine, pestilence, and war. It must have been pretty maddening for him to wake up on June 13th and find he wasn't on a cloud at all; just in bed.

Sasha

Mr. Norman Hill, F.R.I.B.A., handing a dish of winkles to Lady Mount Temple. These little denizens of the deep are being extracted from their sheltering homes at a cocktail party given for the Exhibition of British Industrial Art at Dorland House

We ourselves passed the Last Day fairly calmly: ate, drank, bathed, wrote a letter to an aunt. Fact is, we got muddled up in our dates; thought it was the Day Before the Last; weren't worrying. Next day we realised the truth; sent the maid out for a copy of the *Éclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Est*, so that we could check up on how the Boys had faced the Big Ordeal. Le roi George, we learned, had opened the World Economic Conference; ladies of the Toulon Sporting Club had beaten ladies of the Bordeaux Primrose Club at tennis; an Esperanto Congress had opened at Cannes; and the Mayor of Briache had unveiled a public lavatory in memory of a local bienfaiteur.

Capt. Percy Brooksbank, the polo player, Capt. Jimmy Lindemann, Mrs. Bruce Bundy, Mr. Texiera de Mathos, Baron de Steurs, and Mrs. Percy Brooksbank at the opening of Hollywood, the new garden cabaret which is situated in the gardens of the Casino at Juan-les-Pins

Hats at Madeira, quite in the fashion with passengers on board the s.s. Lapland, which is on its way home after a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Teneriffe, and Santa Cruz. Some arbiters of fashion might consider these hats unbecoming, but they do keep the sun off

THE Ancient and Modern School of Astronomy, out at the India Pavilion at Wembley, offers an easy home course: just six lessons, promising a reward of from £5 to £20 a week. "Writing horoscopes," says the persuasive Headmaster, "is the easiest and most profitable spare-time occupation for anyone who has the ambition to make more money." We are now tempted to send ourselves to school at Wembley; maybe, we might one day earn the right to wear one of those pointed hats with stars all over it and have a tent of our own at the circus, next to the performing seals. Many business men, we hear, now consult the stars before making a merger or leaving for Costa Rica with the shareholders' money.

Major A. J. Beveridge, R.A.M.C., Capt. Hartmann, R.A., Major F. R. Grimwood, Essex Regiment, Capt. S. C. Becher, West Yorkshire Regiment, Capt. Smedley, Welch Regiment, and Lester, the Mess Steward, captured by our caricaturist at the Small Arms School Anti-Gas Wing, Winterbourne

POPULAR PLAYGROUNDS

No. 3.—Sandwich

WHERE our forebears kept their vigil by the windswept shores of Kent
In the troubled, warlike days of long ago,
Both their summers and their winters were most strenuously spent
In preparing to oppose the foreign foe.
For the elements of strife were not lacking in their life,
And in battle they would strike a woundy blow.

Though the Cinque Ports are no longer used as England's Cerberus,
And the battlements of Sandwich eat away,
Every day the battle rages 'twixt the players, scratch and "plus,"
As the golfers grimly leap into the fray.
For the wildest of wild horses could not change them from their courses
When they 're bent upon a golfing holiday.

The history of Sandwich, it is daily writ anew,
And the pages of the score-cards are its scroll;
As the Battle of the Bunkers serves to prove, it 's all too true,
That the part is never greater than the hole.
For the expert and the fogey are true men of Colonel Bogey
And they serve that doughty warrior heart and soul.

So, then, never go to Sandwich if to golf you 're not inclined,
Though the place is very pleasing in itself,
For if ludo is your hobby, you 'll indubitably find
You 're reclining high and dry upon the shelf.
But if golfing pleasures get you—and they 'll do it soon, I bet you—
At the famed Cinque Ports you 'll soon sink putts yourself!

B. W

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 4 Mr. Eddie Tatham

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

It would be difficult to imagine two more contrasting alumni of the same school than Eddie Tatham and General Critchley. Yet St. Bees hived both of them. Eddie is the champion usher of Mayfair. In ten years he has ushed at five hundred weddings—an average of one a week, including August bank holidays. Of these, four hundred have been at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is also a godfather thirty times over, and a best man thirty-five times. But though more than half of those marriages have proved successful, Eddie remains a bachelor and has become a wit.

To many of his closest friends his origin has remained shrouded in complete mystery. It is generally believed that, besides his flat in the West End, he has a home in Westmorland. But that is all that is known of him. Well, Eddie claims to be thirty-two years old and was born at Kirkby Lonsdale, in the Northern Fells. After leaving St. Bees he went, not to Oxford or Cambridge, but to that far more useful institution, the Harper Adams Agricultural College. For Eddie was intended to be a farmer. Here he actually secured a diploma for being the best sty-cleaner in the college, and even now he claims to be the neatest cow-milker in Westmorland (when he is there). But fate, and a broken arm, which prevented his ever doing any heavy work, sent him to London, and the wine-merchant firm of Justerini and Brooks. This was in 1918. And never has there been a more complete reaction from the countryside to the capital. Eddie at once revelled in the new atmosphere, and revelled wisely, too. He became a darling of the dowagers and the play-boy of the private dance list. Tall, gangling, kindhearted, fair-haired, blue-eyed, long-wristed, sometimes standing on one foot and sometimes on the other, he became entirely ubiquitous—and orders poured into the wine-merchant's shop. He has what is known as "a ready wit," and developed a number of Wodehousian phrases, like "beetle off," which the great master, at my suggestion, incorporated into his books.

It was perhaps a slight shock for the dowagers when their darling Eddie started up a night-club—the ill-fated Night Light, in Dean Street. But they rallied bravely. They rallied again, three or four years ago, when he was arrested in New York for conspiring to break the Volstead Act. But the United States authorities chose not to prosecute, and Eddie returned to us almost as good as new. Since then he has developed an entirely new line. As readers of The Bystander know very well, Eddie has become a first-class humorous writer, with a style of his own and a completely professional technique.

It is pleasant for me to recall that I was his literary godfather, having used his first coy but brilliant effort in a now-defunct magazine some seven years ago. To-day I feel proud to know that if his multifarious duties—both social and business-like, for he has been a partner of his firm since 1927—allowed him, he could quickly become the foremost humorist of the day.

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Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

All Sorts of Championships

Above: Miss M. Docharty (Balmore), Miss Paterson (Hardgate), Mrs. George Coats (Troon), and Mrs. S. G. Rome (Gullane), four competitors in the recent "Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry

Right: Miss M. J. Couper and Mrs. A. H. Holm, who, met in the final of the Scottish Women's Golf Championship at Turnberry, won by Miss Couper after a desperate fight at the 22nd hole

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE is so much to tell you about the delights and excitements of the Scottish Championship that I think I must hurriedly put down first all the other things which you must hear about. The Midland Championship, for instance, at Hunstanton, seems to have been a wonderful success. Miss Dobson, Mrs. Crompton, and other moving spirits of the Midlands, having decided that no new players would be discovered, nor talent fostered, if the Midland Championship were always played in the Birmingham district, persuaded the Committee that a rota should be adopted whereby the Championship should be held in the different divisions of the Midlands in turn. Hunstanton was the first happy choice, and that club has set a standard of kindness and welcome which everybody else will no doubt spend their time trying to emulate.

Miss Cradock-Hartopp was invincible in the thirty-six-hole final, turning ten up and winning by 7 and 5 from Mrs. Sparrow.

THEN I should very much have liked to have been at Pannal when Yorkshire beat Lancashire twice by the odd match, because there was evidently some very brilliant golf from Miss Mary Johnson. She has been a little disappointing this year, but now she seems suddenly to have mastered the iron shots and the short game, and the result was that she was one over fours when she had beaten the hapless Miss Beryl Brown by 8 and 6. In the afternoon she played Miss Corlett, and lost only on the last green. Altogether, I should feel rather inclined to prophesy that Yorkshire will be the county champions of 1933, if prophecies weren't such wretchedly chancy affairs.

I don't think, for instance, anybody would have prophesied that Miss Millicent Couper would win the Scottish Championship this year. Some years ago, after she had won THE BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes twice in five years and added a good short game to her long hitting, one might have so ventured, but she has been ill since then and deserted by her golf. When Miss Diana Fishwick put her out at Gleneagles by 9 and 8 eclipse seemed total. Things were looking up, though, as soon as she reached Turnberry, for in THE BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes she and Miss Jessie Anderson won their first match by 7 and 6. Then they were only beaten at the twentieth hole by Miss Hendry and Miss Bell, which, looking back on it, perhaps suggests that Miss Couper makes a habit of going beyond the eighteenth, for I suppose I needn't tell you that Miss Couper beat Mrs. Andrew Holm at the twenty-second in the final (alleged to be only eighteen holes) of the Scottish Championship.

BUT I want you just to reflect on how Miss Couper spent the week, once the match-playing part of the Championship began. Her first victim was Mrs. Kelway Bamber, whom she trounced by 7 and 6, not because Mrs. Bamber played badly, but because Miss Couper was something absurdly close to fours for the match. Then Mrs. Carlow, who used to be Miss Winifred Strain, of Turnberry, gave her a fright. But frights are good for champions-to-be, in proof whereof Miss Couper then beat Miss Doris Park, after being four down at the eighth to her, by 2 and 1, and next set upon Miss Winifred Morrison and devoured her by 7 and 6, just as she had devoured Mrs. Bamber. Then there was Miss Montgomery in the semi-final, and Miss Couper, not one whit alarmed by an Open silver-medallist, British Teamster, and all the rest of it, beat her 4 and 2.

MRS. HOLM had been working just as hard, when you consider that she had coped successfully with Miss V. Lamb, Mrs. Greenlees, and Mrs. Coats, followed by Miss Jessie Anderson. (Here I am prophesying again, but I fancy that Miss Anderson ought to win the Girls' Championship in September, judging by the way she stood up to Mrs. Holm.) I have seldom seen better bunker work or putting. One might say the same of the final. The weather broke down, but it was only a very green spectator who was overheard asking plaintively, "Do they go on playing if it rains very hard?" On they went, with a vengeance, and I have seldom seen anything to equal the putts which Mrs. Holm ran down to save the match at the seventeenth and eighteenth. If you want anything better than halving the nineteenth and twentieth in four, the twenty-first in five, and putting your tee shot practically dead at the twenty-second—as Miss Couper did—then I am afraid you must wait till the millennium.

HOW great a golfer Miss Couper is remains now to be seen. Undoubtedly she was a great one for that week. I was afraid, at the beginning of the Championship, that it was going to be grim—not a bit the sort of meeting that Scottish Championships have been in the past; but everything was entirely different after the Tuesday evening. Mrs. Dunlop Hill is great on getting up cheerful dinners at cheerful championships, but to achieve such a one on this occasion, when grimness threatened; really was masterly.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Brothers in Harmony

Mr. Francis Toye and Major Geoffrey Toye photographed by Peter North for his "Lovely Lines" Exhibition. The quotation they chose was Shelley's "'Tis the deep music of the rolling world." Mr. Francis Toye is the musical critic and author, and Major Geoffrey Toye has conducted opera for Sir Thomas Beecham and Philharmonic Concerts

Music
and all That . . .
Incidental Music—The Inert B.B.C.—Two Recitals

By "Melos"

INCIDENTAL music to plays is usually as feeble and as inappropriate as it is possible to make it. There are some exceptions among these "incidental composers"; Mr. Ernest Irving, for instance, and Mr. Norman O'Neill, whom some people consider to be entitled to as much glory as Sir James Barrie for the success of *Mary Rose*. But the majority of such music is poor stuff.

I was delighted, as well as surprised, to find, on visiting the Greenwich Pageant last week, that the incidental music was not only first-rate in itself, but appropriate to, and usually contemporary with, the actual scenes.

There was one lapse; the persistent use of that ballad, "Glorious Devon." This is a good tune, in its way, if not in a very important way. But it is essentially modern and suggestive of Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts and club or regimental sing-songs and smoking concerts. It certainly does not suggest Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich or Queen Elizabeth anywhere.

Yet it was trotted out ad nauseam for the Tudor episodes, until I began to think that this was all a part of that conspiracy to put Devon on the map as a place of romance and song.

At least 90 per cent. of the popular ballads were written about the West Country, and particularly Devon. No-one sings of "Rutland, Glorious Rutland," or "I've Just Come Up From Suffolk."

IN this Pageant "Lord Zouche's March" was played with immense effect, and so were "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty," "Lillibulero," "Hey, Boys, and Up We Go," Purcell's "Voluntary for Trumpets," "Hearts of Oak," and Handel's "Water Music."

Most impressive moment of all was the playing of the Dead March from *Saul* on the chapel organ (relayed, of course) in the Funeral Cortege of Nelson episode, since this was the very March *and the very organ* used when Nelson's body lay in state there in 1806.

And it needs a man of Handel's genius to write a funeral march in the key of C major.

I WAS told, at the performance of the Pageant I attended, that fifty foreign delegates to the Economic Conference were present. That, apart from a few musical plays, is about all the music they are likely to hear in London.

The lack of music in the greatest city in the world at a time when it is more than ever in the limelight is a national disgrace. Many of our distinguished visitors are very musical and took it for granted that there would be opera for them. There is none. Covent Garden closed down a few days before the Conference opened. Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic have been shut for weeks and weeks. Except for a few isolated recitals at the Wigmore, Grotrian and Aeolian Halls, there is nothing.

THE B.B.C., with all their wealth, have let us down badly. Why should their fine orchestra be idle, so far as public performances are concerned, in the "season"? Not a symphony has been played in a London concert hall for an unconscionable time. What is Mr. Adrian Boult doing? Why is such a good conductor as Mr. Basil Cameron allowed to kick his heels about in his own country, with no orchestra given to him to conduct, until he returns to America, in September? Where is the London Philharmonic Orchestra, now the opera season is over? And what about the London Symphony Orchestra?

Just at the moment they are particularly wanted they lie low and play 'nuffin.

YET in August, when London is socially non-existent, when tens of thousands are holiday-making abroad or at the seaside, when the nights really *are* hot, the "Proms" will be in full swing, with other good concerts galore.

It is indeed an *Alice in Wonderland* arrangement, though not any too funny.

THE solo recitals, London's only musical compensation at present except for such sounds as come over the ether, continue to be on a very high level. Mme. Marie Ivogun sang brilliantly; she is that rare case of a coloratura soprano who sings like a musician and not like a musical-box. She will be remembered for her appearance at Covent Garden a few years ago in Strauss's *Ariadne*.

Mme. Claire Croiza is another singer of quality. I thought her interpretation of Debussy's "La Chevelure" on the matter-of-fact side; but she sang beautifully a song by Liszt, "Comment Disaient-ils?" Songs by Liszt are but little known.

MR. ARNOLD TROWELL fell in, at the Wigmore Hall, with what I venture to consider the bad habit of playing a concerto to a piano accompaniment. Of course, necessity could be pleaded, for to engage a full symphony orchestra, with a conductor, is a vastly expensive business.

But it is a false plea. There are plenty of sonatas, and other music, for 'cello and piano, and there is really no need to go to such a work as Sir Edward Elgar's 'Cello Concerto.

Mr. Trowell is an admirable 'cellist and he played it well. Mr. Charlton Keith, too, struggled manfully and not unsuccessfully, with an almost impossible task at the piano. But the composer surely never intended the thing to be given under such conditions, and its spirit seemed to be missed completely. Playing a concerto without an orchestra is certainly not a case of half a loaf being better than no bread. We do not want these musical half-loaves, anyway.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

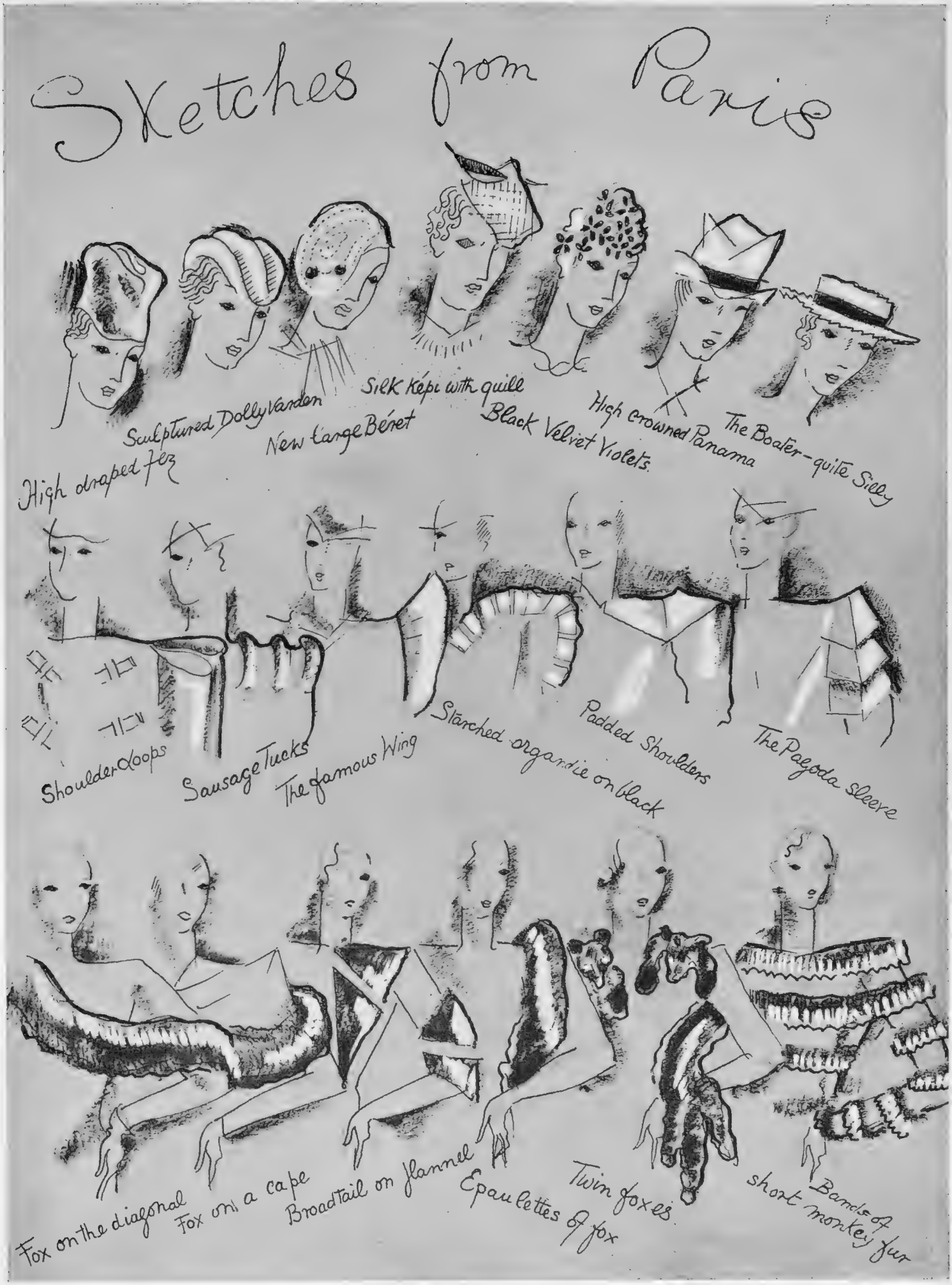
Yevonde

LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, has chosen a short white organdie cape trimmed with stitching and tied in a bow in front, to accompany her dress of black ciré satin

Peter Rose Pulnam

Black Chiffon follows Sculptured and Edwardian Lines . . . . .

AN attractive drapery across the front and the upper arms, which has no visible means of support, gives character to this charming gown of black chiffon from Isobel. The skirt clings closely to the figure until the knees, where a gathered flounce flares out and makes a short train. Posed by Miss Margaret Rawlings


Sketches from Paris
Sculptured Dolly Varden
New Large Béret
Silk Képi with quille
Black Velvet Violets
High Crowned Panama
The Boater - quite Silly
High draped fez
Shoulder loops
Sausage Tucks
The famous Wing
Starched organdie on black
Padded Shoulders
The Pagoda sleeve
Fox on the diagonal
Fox on a cape
Broadtail on flannel
Epaulettes of fox
Twin foxes
Bands of short monkey fur

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

King, Queen and Knave

By A. G. Macdonell

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, Lion of the North, Bulwark of Protestantdom, etc., etc., was killed in the hour of victory at Lützen in 1632, leaving his six-year-old daughter, Christina, upon the throne of Sweden. After twelve years of a regency, this young lady became her own mistress and Sweden's ruler, on her eighteenth birthday, and for ten years she kept her subjects lively. She was ugly, learned, witty, energetic, reckless. She detested women because they bored her, and she recoiled from men if they tried to make love to her. She would talk to men for hours, but flirt with them never. Christina sent for Descartes, the great French mathematician, and hauled him out of bed, day after day, at five in the morning to talk philosophy with him, so that the poor old man died of pneumonia. She wore masculine clothes, worked like a Trojan, and swore like a dragoon; despised everything Swedish and admired everything French; told Rabelaisian stories, put her feet on the mantelpiece, and spent money in torrents. At eighteen the Queen was adored by her subjects. Ten years later they were not quite so keen about her. For one thing, she flatly refused to marry and continue the ancient house of Vasa; for another, she was a great deal too intimate with the beautiful Countess Sparre and scandals were flying in the air; and the country was being ruined by her extravagance. So when Christina suddenly abdicated and went off to live in Rome, polite expressions of regret masked a good many heartfelt sighs of relief.

For the next thirty-five years this peculiar being led a strange life. She became a Roman Catholic and took an active part in Vatican intrigues; she tried to return to public life as Queen of Naples; she let her name be put up as a candidate for the throne of Poland. Her wild, restless nature seemed to regret bitterly her premature abdication, and she suffered many snubs in her feverish attempts to regain the limelight. And all the time she bickered with Sweden about her pension. Miss Margaret Goldsmith (*Christina of Sweden;* Barker; 10*s.*) has done her best to make the lady a sympathetic figure. But it is a difficult task, and Christina comes out in the end as a fascinating study in abnormality, and as a woman who was fully endowed with the utterly beastly habit of being generous with other people's money.

I AM not a great reader of detective novels, but there is a subtlety about the works of Mr. Milward Kennedy that is always interesting. In *Bull's Eye* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) he has produced another of his delicate tangles of idea and counter-idea, of possibility, and cross-possibility, until you feel that everybody's mind, both readers' and characters', must be staggering with fatigue except Mr. Kennedy's own. And one cannot help getting the rather pleasing sensation in reading *Bull's Eye* that even the great Mr. Kennedy felt his sanity slipping from him as he tried to straighten it all out in the end. Anyway, it is all very ingenious, and very, very confusing, and the murderer is beautifully concealed right up to the end. Mr. Kennedy has boldly given up one canon of recent fiction and has returned from the impassive, subtle-brain-beneath-a-stolid-exterior, type of Scotland Yard man to the inexperienced amateur. He even goes farther, and causes the amateur to bungle over and over again by the simple expedient of making him fuddled with drink almost every evening. This is boldness indeed.

MR. CLENNEL WILKINSON has two important qualifications for writing a life of *Richard Cœur de Lion* (Davies; 5*s.*): he is one of the best, most accurate and most lucid of modern biographers, and sails easily along past the various rocks upon which the good ships Strachey and Guedalla have inclined to pile themselves; and secondly, Mr. Wilkinson himself fought in the last great Crusade which swept up by the plain of Armageddon and the valley of the waters of Jordan, and captured the Holy City from the Unbeliever.

Of all the ancient Kings of England, only two, the giant, red-headed Richard and Henry VIII., mean anything at all to the common people of to-day, and Henry owes his fame, especially in the music-halls, more to his unfortunate sextette than to himself. But Richard, as Mr. Wilkinson points out, owes his legend to his blend of romance and sportsmanship. Richard actually saw the flight of the arrow that killed him, and it only hit him because he paused to roar a compliment to the archer on his accuracy, before dodging, a fraction of a second too late, behind his shield. He would ride up and down the Saracen lines, challenging any man to single combat, and laughing his great laugh when no man came out against him. No wonder the English soldiers adored Richard and followed him into whatever press of battle he led them. Richard, of course, had a bit of luck to help his legend. For the story of Blondel is immortal, like the story of Roland, Warden of the Marches.

Mr. Wilkinson's writing of English is as clear, as dramatic, and as picturesque as those of us who have enjoyed his biographies of Nelson, of Dampier, and of Prince Charles Stuart have got accustomed to expect. There is a modern style of historical biography which has produced some of the finest works of fiction of recent years. Mr. Wilkinson treats a fact as a fact, and not as a piece of historical elastic.

IT is a curious phenomenon of England that writers continue to write, publishers to publish, and readers to read charming books about the beauties of the country, and yet hardly anyone lifts a finger to preserve those beauties from the vandal, the profiteer, and the bureaucrat. Mr. Thomas Burke (*The Beauty of England.* Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the latest to describe the enchantments of this lovely and many-landscaped country, and he does it thoroughly and understandingly. Mr. Burke's favourite county, out of many favourites, seems to be Suffolk, and a good choice it is. But Mr. Burke is catholic in his appreciation and can find things to admire in every county. His book is illustrated with many pictures of lovely little known spots, and is, in effect, an epicure's Baedeker of England. If all those who read it and enjoy it make up their minds to do what little they can to preserve this ancient land of beauty, there will be some chance of saving much of it before it is too late. At present the vandals are having a grand time with their axes, and their bungalows, and their concrete roads.

Sasha

Mr. James Laver, whose novel, "Nymph Errant" is being put on as a play in the autumn, and Lady Greville examining pottery at the Exhibition of British Industrial Art at Dorland House

Above: A. Timberg, John Greenly, Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss N. Timberg at the seventh tee

Mixed Foursomes

An Open Event at Calcot, near Reading

Calcot, on the Bath Road a few miles from Reading, has only been open for three years, but is now firmly established as a going concern, and one of the best courses in the country. The greens and fairway are in splendid condition

D. Paul and Miss P. Garnett seen "under the old umbrella"

Dr. L. Cane and Colonel F. J. Hawkins going to the seventh

Colonel Greenly, R. J. Sinclair, and Mrs. Sinclair evidently find something to amuse them

E. A. Bradbeer, the Club professional (starter), Mrs. Furlonger, and A. J. Ellery at the first tee

Mrs. J. A. Greenly and Miss M. Orde holding converse between whiles

I. L. West and Miss C. H. Lydall photographed on the Club-house steps

C. V. Parker, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Cooper, and Dr. Richmond waiting to drive off from the seventh tee

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Players of Promise, 'Varsity and Otherwise

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28th—the first Test match over—Yorkshire well on the way to the County Championship once more—Oxford and Cambridge coming to town for the final stages of their tours—how swiftly the season passes!

In the Surrey village in which I write they are pleased that Barling is top of the batting averages, and there are many of us who are glad to see a comparatively young cricketer thus fulfilling his early promise. Not that the averages mean very much, or we should be forced to infer that there are sixteen better batsmen than Sutcliffe playing for their counties. Still, I always look at the averages, and just now they make interesting reading. There is Iddon, of Lancashire, for example, proving himself a remarkably useful all-rounder, and it is pleasant to find M. J. Turnbull so high in the list. Turnbull was one of the outstanding schoolboy batsmen a few years ago, but somehow he has never been consistent for Glamorgan until this season. If he maintains his present form—this is written before he has shown his paces for England against the West Indies—he may well captain an England side in the not too distant future.

THIS leads me to the reflection that our younger cricketers are making a considerable impression just now. Apart from Barling and Turnbull, we have had reason to applaud many others, ranging from the comparatively mature C. F. Walters and Bakewell to newcomers like Washbrook, of Lancashire and Fagg and Wright, of Kent. Washbrook, in particular, has the making of a great batsman about him, but I must say I liked the look of Fagg when I saw him at Lord's, while Wright showed us that even Freeman may one day not be indispensable to Kent.

THIS evidence of cricket's virility is satisfactory, but the truth is that, so far, we have enjoyed an exceptionally interesting season, in which the veterans have played their parts nobly. Look, for instance, at Macaulay, who shows no diminution in the concentrated venom with which he attacks the wickets of Yorkshire's opponents. A great bowler, Macaulay, and a member of a great county team.

There is no need to scratch our heads over the secret of Yorkshire's continued success. It is simply a matter of temperament; courage, determination and a fine spirit of aggression are Yorkshire characteristics, and they happen to be particularly valuable upon the cricket field. Man for man, other counties are potentially as dangerous as Yorkshire, but they lack that tenacity and unity of purpose which have made Yorkshire well-nigh invincible. And how perfectly the Yorkshire team is blended—dour batting relieved by Leyland's brilliance, an attack capable of making the most of any kind of wicket, and keen and first-rate fielding.

AND now, what news from Oxford and Cambridge? Good news, I think, with prospects of a really interesting 'Varsity match. Oxford have been rather at sixes and sevens during the term, with Hone, Owen-Smith and Melville so often away, but now they should be settling down into one of the best teams of recent years. Their batting is uncommonly strong, with two such exceptional freshmen as Townsend and Walker to open their innings, and such formidable players as Hone, Melville, Owen-Smith and Chalk to follow. Townsend has shown astonishingly good form, Walker is reassuringly sound and mature, while Chalk seems to have found himself at last. Hitherto Chalk has tantalised us by producing a number of perfect strokes, and then getting himself out when he appeared to be set. Now he continues to produce the strokes—he is a beautiful player to watch—and does not proceed to throw his wicket away. Everyone, with the possible exception of a few biased individuals from Cambridge, will be pleased if he makes runs in the great match, just as everyone will undoubtedly enjoy his admirable fielding, for to see Chalk gathering the ball and returning it to the wicket is one of the delights of contemporary cricket.

The Oxford wicket-keeper, P. C. Oldfield, is quite first-class, and there are grounds for believing that, in R. G. Tindall, Hone has unearthed the sorely needed bowler of pace. Tindall works hard, and the Lord's wicket should suit him; if it does, Oxford's chances are bright.

CAMBRIDGE have two major problems to face—whether their opening batsmen will rise to the occasion, and whether they can hope, in normal weather conditions, to dismiss Oxford twice in three days. Throughout the term D. R. Wilcox has been troubled by the difficulty of finding a reliable opening pair, but A. W. Allen fairly played himself into the side with his big innings against a considerably weakened Sussex team, and A. S. Lawrence, a left-hander, has proved himself to be reasonably steady. As Lawrence is also something of a bowler, there is plenty of variety in the Cambridge attack, for Webster is another left-hander, and Wilcox has everything at his command, from slow spinners to the speed of Farnes and Jehangir Khan.

As opening bowlers at Lord's, Farnes and Jehangir Khan are a mighty useful pair; Farnes, with his height, can make the ball lift most uncomfortably, and Jehangir Khan can bowl all day, now and again pulling one out of the bag which might beat any batsman.

Cawston is a likely change bowler, and with Human, Webster, Lawrence and Davies at his disposal Wilcox should be able to ring the changes effectively. Incidentally, it is high time that Oxford won the toss; for the last seven years they have lost it, and if they lose it again we shall begin to speak of Cambridge luck in somewhat uncomplimentary terms!

Surrey v. Essex at the Oval

For the sixty-second time a Hobbs and Sandham partnership yielded over one hundred runs for the first wicket, in the Surrey v. Essex match, despite the wicket on this occasion being on the nasty side. The picture shows Sandham batting for Surrey, and hitting the ball over Eastman's head during the opening partnership. After a fine start, the Surrey batting failed

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More Lovely Lines

Differing Slightly in Conception from those displayed on page 563

Left: Maureen O'Sullivan gives a Hawaiian touch to her bathing-dress by wearing a rubber "lei" necklace, with matching bracelets and anklets of orange and yellow

Below, left: Adrienne Ames, the Paramount actress, shows the latest in summer lingerie wear in a scene from a film in which she is starring

Below, right: Grace Bradley, another Paramount capture from a New York musical show, who has been described as another Clara Bow. She is red-headed and nineteen years old

The Passing Picture Show

Barrymore—and More : By Sydney Tremayne

THERE are three Barrymores in *Rasputin, the Mad Monk*. We know all about their being "The Royal Family of Broadway," but even if they all gave the most brilliant performance of which they are individually capable, three of them in one film would be too much and mutually destructive, and, as it happens, in this case none of them is particularly well suited by the part they have to play.

This is Ethel Barrymore's "talkie" début. It has been left too late, and she is outrageously miscast as the Czarina. She looks more like a policewoman than the wistful, maternal, religious and superstitious Empress.

John Barrymore is a good—at times, a great—actor, and he has always worn a uniform with effect, but he really has no opportunity to make anything of the strangely-named Russian Prince who plays the rôle of the real Prince who rid Russia of the monk Rasputin, thinking to save the Court and country from an evil influence. While Lionel Barrymore, whom I have always thought a much over-rated player, completely gives himself away in his handling of Rasputin, resorting to all the ranting and roaring of cheap melodrama and never for an instant conveying anything of the dangerous power of that strange man. After having seen Conrad Veidt's impersonation of Rasputin, pregnant with hypnotic power and physical strength, Lionel Barrymore's performance was ridiculous.

A scene from "Rasputin, the Mad Monk," the Hollywood version of one of the greatest dramatic stories of the war years, which has been showing at the Empire. The three Barrymores appear in the leading parts, Lionel as Rasputin, John as the Prince who killed him, and Ethel as the Czarina

Another scene from the Rasputin film, with John Barrymore filling the rôle of Russia's self-appointed saviour, and Lionel as the arch-villain of the piece, Rasputin himself

ALL the events which led up to the murder of the monk and the authentic history of the night on which he was killed, with such difficulty, have been written and vouched for by members of the party who planned and executed his death, and the details were followed very closely in the rather dull German film which was distinguished by Veidt's magnificent performance. In true Hollywood spirit, all sorts of variations are introduced into the Barrymore version. One would not complain if they added to the drama, but they do nothing of the sort. Nothing could be more dramatic than the rise to power of that peasant: his influence over the Empress and her children, the decision of those young Princes to remove him by death; the long wait for the poison to work with which they had doctored his cakes and wine; the final resort to shooting, and the monk's superhuman attempt to escape even then—full of bullets and full of poison though he was . . .

The real drama lay in the personalities of those strangely allied people: the gentle, devoted royal lady, who believed that the monk had healing powers and could save her son; the desperate, almost fanatical, spirit of the young Prince who determined to kill him, and the monk himself, one of the strangest characters in history, debauched and evil, yet undoubtedly possessing some strange power. But all this inherent drama of character is lost when translated into terms of a family party for the Barrymores.

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES continue to manufacture bright and slight musical comedy, very wisely making use of Stanley Lupino's special talents as a dancer and comedian. The latest is *Facing the Music*; a theme song by Lupino and Noël Gay, called "I've Found the Right Girl," is likely to outlive the success of the film. The situations and humour are reminiscent of *Sleepless Nights*, in which Stanley Lupino really was inimitably funny, but *Facing the Music* is not nearly such a good film and lacks the speed and spontaneity of the earlier picture. And, personally, I found it more painful than amusing to see José Collins, now very fat, in the rôle of a temperamental singer, past her prime, constantly being scored off and made a fool of by rivals and comic crooks. Nancy Burne is the heroine, a flavourless part. She is quite adequate, but no more. There seems a monotonous lack of personality about the English girls they pick for parts of this kind. One cannot see them as potential stars. There is only one Evelyn Laye.

AND that brings us to consideration of *Waltz Time*, in which she sings the adapted (and diluted) music of *Die Fledermaus*. This film has been criticised because, one gathers, it is not the opera and also, contendingly, because it tells the old story. This seems unfair. Personally, I think *Waltz Time* accomplishes just what it was intended to do. It is a charming musical production. It is too late to grumble because the setting is, once more, Vienna. Evelyn Laye looks adorable, sings very well, and reveals a sense of comedy appropriate to the part. Franz Shulz is the philandering husband. He has a reputation as a heart-breaker on the Continent, but I do not think he will make any very great appeal to English audiences.

"SLEEPING CAR," in which Ivor Novello and Madeleine Carroll are starred, is another creditable English picture, polished and witty. Novello plays with satisfactory exuberance the part of the sleeping-car attendant of flirtatious disposition, and his perennial profile makes his success with travellers of the fair sex eminently understandable. Madeleine Carroll's appearance is a proof that stars can be groomed *and* photographed in England at last.

One of the Webster cartoons from "The Culbertson-Webster Contract System," published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 5s. net

Do You Cheat at Bridge? If so—

"One 'eart"

By

Bassett Scott

Another Webster cartoon from the same publication, which, while imparting information, does so in a lighthearted and amusing way

THERE is one grave drawback to playing the game of bridge; practically everybody cheats. It is hardly necessary to add that practically nobody means to.

Some years ago I sat down to play auction in the card-room of a London club, of which it has been said that it provides every convenience except a Tube station. The old gentleman on my right dealt the cards, picked up his hand, and, after one rapid glance, exclaimed:

"One 'eart."

Whereupon my partner looked at me and said with suavity:

"I should tell you, partner, that when Mr. Blank calls 'one 'eart' he has a good heart hand; when he has had to think about it he calls 'one h'eart'!"

The remark was cruel in its wit, but, in its implication, how tragically true, how universally applicable! We may have no difficulty with our aitches, but we must all know, if we are honest with ourselves, that we sin habitually even as Mr. Blank sinned. All around us we hear bids made in every kind of informative intonation, after pauses of every length from five seconds to fifty. Can we flatter ourselves into believing that we alone are righteous?

The experts in our newspapers often give us, in order to illustrate some point in their teaching, certain hands from actual play, together with the bidding as it occurred. For a long time I could never understand why, in such bidding, X should suddenly break out with what seemed to be reprehensible audacity, or B exhibit a no less excessive caution. One day I saw light. The explanation was simple; I was only *reading* the bidding, not hearing it.

We now approach a solemn moment. I am going to show you four hands, and for the first time in your life you shall see the bidding scored, as it were, for orchestration.

Y (dealer)
S—Kn, 10, 3, 2.
H—Kn.
D—A, K, 8, 7.
C—K, 10, 9, 8.

A.
S—A, Q, 5, 4.
H—A, Q, 8.
D—Q, 9, 5, 3, 2.
C—A.

Score
AB game and 70.
YZ nothing.

B.
S—6.
H—9, 6, 5, 4.
D—Kn, 10, 6, 4.
C—Kn, 7, 6, 2.

S—K, 9, 8, 7.
H—K, 10, 7, 3, 2.
D—
C—Q, 5, 4, 3.
Z.

The bidding went as follows:

1. Y one tentative diamond.
2. B one firm no-bid.
3. Z one interrogative heart.
4. A one imperative double.
5. Y one reluctant no-trump.
6. B one thankful no-bid.
7. Z two hopeful spades.
8. A one disappointed no-bid.
9. Y three enthusiastic spades.
10. B one resigned no-bid.
11. Z four optimistic spades.
12. A one triumphant double.
13. Y one defiant no-bid.
14. B one grateful no-bid.
15. Z one pessimistic no-bid.

FROM one who took this bidding merely at its face value, the obvious comment would be that Z should have been content to save the rubber and never have attempted a game bid. His four spades is really a very bad bid, since, in view of the score, he must discount the apparent strength of Y's hand by at least 25 per cent. There is no excuse for his excessive optimism, nor any good reason.

The psychologist, however, after a little analysis of intonations, can easily lay his finger on the two "key" bids that lured poor Z to his destruction. They are numbers 8 and 9. The intonation of A's "no-bid" at No. 8 was extremely clever. It said in effect: "Lucky for you, my lad; I had you absolutely boiled on your heart call, but of course, if you can sneak out into spades, that 's another matter." On the other hand, Y's enthusiasm on bid No. 9 was wrong and misleading. Spades suited his hand, certainly, but the hand itself, on which he had already called twice, was anything but powerful, while Z's spades, shown only after his hearts, were almost sure to be weak, probably very weak. So Z was doubly deceived and led into making a thoroughly bad call.

At this point I shall be accused by many readers of being merely libellous. Players, they will say, normal, decent players, don't make their calls in the way I have indicated. My answer is that they do, and I would ask those who cannot believe it to suspend their judgment for the moment, for what we constantly hear all round us is apt to pass unnoticed. Let them, on the next few occasions when they play, listen with an ear alert for intonations in bidding and then deny my statement, as a general charge, if they can.

There is, of course, exaggeration in the list of bids given above—I am not suggesting that every bid, or even a large majority of bids, is made with an informative intonation—but it is the kind of exaggeration that merely points the truth.

LET me insist once more that the practice I am discussing is almost invariably unconscious and innocent of evil intent. If I am asked why, then, is it so prevalent, I reply that on this particular point the method of verbal bidding comes up against human nature—and gets knocked out. It is just because most people play bridge primarily for enjoyment that they refuse to go to the trouble of reminding themselves before every bid they make that they should speak in a carefully modulated tone of indifference. The habit of doing so can be acquired, but only at the cost of a great and sustained effort of concentration. Now contract already makes such great demands on the powers of concentration that to require yet more from the average player would probably be useless.

The only remedy I can suggest is the employment of those little bidding boards with counters that are occasionally used for the benefit of the deaf, and I can't see many players troubling themselves with these. I have no doubt we shall continue with a system which, to my mind, is the outstanding defect of a great game.

There remains the problem of the length of the pause before the bid is made. It is another drawback that a pause unusually prolonged, especially in the first round, must give information. At the very least it implies, if followed by a no-bid, "I 've got something—this hand isn't an absolute dud," and, if followed by a bid, "This isn't the obvious and only possible bid."

But the innocent giving of such information is, I fear, inevitable. It is obvious that every player has the right to weigh up his hand fully before committing himself to an irrevocable bid. Nor can the holder of a Yarborough be expected to give himself away by flashing out a "no-bid" the very instant he has glanced at his hand. Yet even here I fancy we should hit uniformity more often if we aimed at it more carefully. And during the first round, at least, there is a very strong moral obligation on every player not to prolong a pause beyond the normal before passing.

Summer-Time Sports

Garden-Parties and Golf to the Fore

Teaching the Young Idea

Three old cricket captains, F. T. Mann, behind the wicket, A. E. R. Gilligan instructing the batsman, and "Plum" Warner at a cricket competition given at a Children's Garden Party at Chelsea in aid of the Royal Free Hospital and Scottish Women's Hospital Memorial Association.

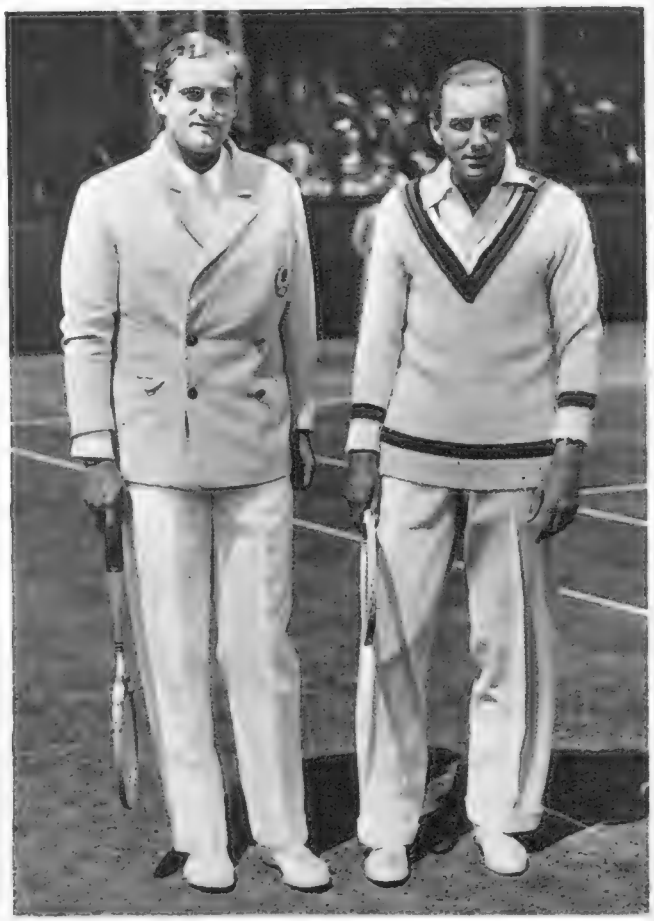
Miss I. Worsley (Commons), who beat Lady Astor (Lords), on the right, by 6 and 5, in the Lords v. Commons Golf Match. In the centre is Miss M. Stringer, Hon. Sec., Lords and Commons Ladies' G.S.

Left: Mrs. T. Harker (Commons) and the Countess of Rosebery (Lords), who met. The former won 6 and 5

Above: Ann Todd batting, while Miles Malleson umpires and Ivor Brown and John Drinkwater field, in the Actresses v. Authors match played last week at Mrs. Clarence Gasque's Hampstead home in aid of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society

Right: another photograph taken at the same garden-party, showing Iris Ashley, nearest camera, Isla Bevan, Margery Binner, Joan Buckmaster and Flora Robson waiting for their turn to bat for the actress's side

R. Nunoi, the Japanese lawn tennis champion, and Jack Crawford, the champion of Australia, who met in a Davis Cup tie in Paris, where Crawford was victor in five sets. Crawford is being tipped as a Wimbledon winner



England won the Davis Cup tie at Eastbourne by 5—0 against Czecho-Slovakia, for whom R. Menzel, seen above on the left, was beaten somewhat easily by F. J. Perry, who showed convincing form and won in three sets

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

HAVING recovered from the alarums and excursions of the first Test Match, the Ryder Cup affair, and the Amateur Golf Championship, we can now settle down to the excitements of Wimbledon before the big shots in the golfing world claim our attention again. Personally, I find this glut of sporting events somewhat exhausting—every year the competition becomes more fierce, and the publicity hounds shriek more stridently about the foreign invasion.

I'm beginning to wonder, indeed, whether we shan't have to follow Hitler's example, and form a Ministry of Sport in this country. France placed sport under Government control a long time ago, and if those in authority really do think that our national prestige is affected by the activities of our athletes, something must be done about it. A tactful Minister would no doubt have smoothed over the leg-theory bowling controversy, and it may be that Mr. J. H. Thomas would care to apply for the job.

But there—I'm one of those sad reactionaries who think that a great deal too much fuss is made over modern games, and that it doesn't really matter a brass farthing who wins the Singles at Wimbledon or the Open Golf Championship. That's why I'm much more concerned over a purely domestic affair, like the withdrawal of the Corinthians from the F.A. Cup.

WHEREVER I go I hear comments upon this withdrawal, most of them unfavourable, and several distinguished old Corinthians have remarked to me that no action should have been taken by the committee without calling a general meeting to discuss the matter. After all, it was a big step to take, and members should surely have been given an opportunity to put their points of view before the committee. I think, myself, that the Corinthians have acted unwisely, and that they should have been prepared to play their way through to the first round of the competition proper.

I'm afraid the Corinthians are clinging desperately to their old standing as the leading amateur Association club, though this standing would be vigorously challenged nowadays. The Corinthians are still a great club, with fine traditions, but they would be wise to admit that they are no longer the only pebble on the beach. They should at least have sufficient self-confidence to risk defeat in the preliminary rounds—the main thing is that they should play enjoyable football, for, in the long run, nothing else matters.

INCIDENTALLY, John de Forest has followed Enid Wilson in making a public confession of the misery entailed by the highest class of competitive golf. His confession was made in the heat of the moment, and I don't think we need take it too seriously; but it was a straw in the wind, and an indication that we really do make too much of a song and dance about our games. We can hardly expect the genuine amateur to stand up to the racket, and at Hoylake last week nerves were very much to the fore. Some shocking golf was played by illustrious persons, and it seems to me that the tension becomes more terrific every year. It's all right for the professionals—they've chosen the job of entertaining the public, and it's their business to take what comes to them. But those of us who play games for enjoyment may well thank our stars if we lack the stuff of which champions are made.

STILL, while we're talking about championships there's Wimbledon to consider, and I must say that the Seeding Committee surprised me by placing Miss Round above Miss Scriven in the order. I should

A sticky wicket at the Oval was much to P. G. H. Fender's liking when bowling for Surrey against Essex. The Essex captain, T. M. Pearce, is seen being caught in the leg-trap thoughtfully provided for the purpose

F. R. Burrow, who referees the Lawn Tennis Championships. When not engaged in putting competitors into court, he writes acrostics for the "Observer," and has been known to break into serious poetry. It is rumoured that even in his sleep he still smokes cigars

have thought that Miss Scriven's performances in the French Championship would have automatically carried her into second place, but there it is—doubtless we shall be more qualified to judge in a few days' time. H. G. N. Lee, at any rate, has fully earned his place in the seeded list, though I 'm bound to admit that I don't fancy the chances of any of the Englishmen. Perry has shown signs of staleness lately, and Austin may have to dispose of awkward customers like Gledhill, Quist, Kirby, or Hecht before he gets through his section.

I have an idea that Cochet may stage a come-back—he has certainly been practising hard enough, though in his group are McGrath, Nunoi, and Stoeffen. And what about Vines and Crawford? I have my doubts about Vines, great player though he is, and on current form, writing before the event, Crawford is the man for my money.

ACTUALLY, I 'm writing this just before the Test Match begins at Lord's, and as far as I know the Nelson Club are remaining firm in their determination not to release Constantine, in order that he may play for the West Indies. This is extremely irritating, in many ways. It lessens the value of the Test, and it deprives cricket supporters of a great deal of their pleasure; but, more annoying still, it shows that the Nelson Club officials cannot fully appreciate the position.

Ellsworth Vines, last year champion at Wimbledon, as well as in America, is here seen practising. He is defending his title and will appear for U.S.A. as No. 1 in the Davis Cup struggle when called upon to play

To begin with, but for the M.C.C. they would never have heard of Constantine, and they do not seem to appreciate the fact that a brilliant performance by Constantine at Lord's would immediately increase his pulling power in League cricket. But it 's no use complaining—Nelson have been approached from every angle, including the financial one, and they have refused to budge. The only deduction is that cricketers from overseas who accept contracts with League clubs in future will have to insist that a clause enabling them to play for their countries is inserted.

WHILE we are on the subject of Negroes, I see that Al Brown, most remarkable Negro of them all, is to fight Johnny King for the world's bantam-weight title at Manchester on July 3rd. I hate to crab King's chances, but it is really absurd to suppose that he has any hope of beating Brown. King is a competent, hard-working boy, but Brown is a genius, and a remarkably built one at that. He stands nearly six feet in height—he 's a bantam, remember—and his arms are exceptionally long. When to these physical advantages we add speed, brilliant judgment of distance and uncanny skill, we must agree that King is an optimist. As a matter of fact, the fight will probably be quite interesting, for Brown is always good to watch.

Miss Barbara Wyatt, sister of the Warwickshire Captain and English Test player who did so well in Australia, is enjoying some practice at cricket. From her stance it is obvious that she has been well coached in the game

The Duke of Gloucester bowling the first ball to open the match following the ceremony of opening the playing field at the Merchant Taylors' School at Bellingham, acquired by the National Association of Boys' Clubs

The British Amateur Championship at Hoylake

Bruce Thompson (Royal Liverpool), H. S. Malik (Sandy Lodge), George J. Dunlap (Pomonok, U.S.A.), American Walker Cup player, and T. P. Whitaker (Royal Worlington and Newmarket)

Cyril Tolley (Royal Eastbourne), ex-champion, and E. F. Storey (Addington) seen at the first tee

Stanley Lunt (Moseley) and Robert R. Howell (Glamorganshire), the Welsh Amateur Championship holder

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Invaders at Hoylake

Left: H. G. Bentley (Hesketh), who beat T. Woolam (right), the English close champion, by 6 and 5

I HAVE reached Hoylake at last. I say so in no way disrespectfully of the railway company which brought me here, although I did overclub myself slightly by omitting to change at Hooton and thus finishing up at Birkenhead, but because for years I have longed to visit the home of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. I have heard so much about the greatness of Hoylake, not only from my father and uncles, whose opinions on the merit of a golf links I have never found reason to revise, but also from golfers of my acquaintance of all handicaps.

I have only, so far, had the opportunity of playing one round of golf, and I will, therefore, make no comment on the course. One round on any golf course is quite insufficient to qualify to criticise—indeed, even one week of daily golf may not be, should the wind be in the unexpected quarter all the while. But at first glance—and even with the howling gale which has come to herald the Amateur Championship—Hoylake bears all the outward signs of greatness, scars and all. There is certainly no doubt that whoever has won the Championship this year has worked hard for the honour, and played well. There is also no doubt, or so it seems to me, that he has putted very well: but as far as that is concerned he should have, since the greens are all that greens should be. Yet Hoylake at first glance makes one look through the field—if one is bent on prognostication—to find a player who can drive straight and hole the putts; I don't think length matters so very much merely for length's sake.

Robert Harris (Royal and Ancient), ex-champion, and Bernard Darwin (Woking) watching some of the young players driving

WRITING, as I have to, before the Championship has started, words which you will read after it is all over, and when you will know the winner, any attempt at prognostication on my part would be more than normally insane. I will not even content myself by naming a few from whom the ultimate winner should emerge. I will maintain an obstinate silence and perhaps tell you next week how whoever it is to be managed to win. In that way I can't be wrong, which is much more to my liking.

But I might say a few words about the two most prominent invaders. Ross Somerville, Canadian holder of the American Amateur Championship and four times champion of his own country, is obviously very good indeed. This not only from his record, which is certainly most impressive, but also to look at him in action. He swings beautifully at the ball, so lazily that one is apt to wonder whether there is enough power about the shot. But there is power there all right, although not always early in the round. It is an interesting fact about Somerville's game that, to see him driving off the first few tees, nobody would call him very long. But suddenly there may come some necessity for length—a long hole, made longer because of a head wind, perhaps. Watch him then—a just perceptible increase in the speed of the club-head as it reaches the ball—the few necessary yards obtained which make a normally difficult second into something just that much more easy.

(*Continued on page* ii)

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Cars with a Personality

A new type of Sports Car: The 16/80-h.p. Lagonda

By The Earl of Cardigan

Those who appreciate clean and graceful lines can hardly fail to be impressed by the appearance of the new Lagonda. Few sports cars "look the part" more satisfactorily or completely

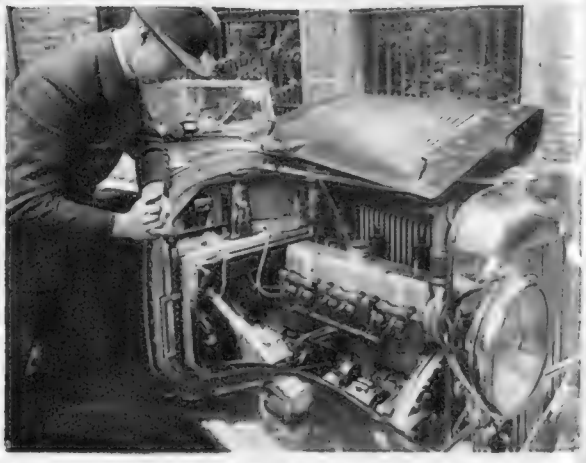
The front view is distinctly impressive. The driving position is admirably comfortable, and the cut-away at the driver's right elbow is a pleasant feature

A GENUINE sports model, in the old days, was regarded, very rightly, as being "not everybody's motor-car." It was designed, in most cases, to give the maximum degree of pleasure to the skilful driver—for which very reason it was apt to be rather an awkward proposition for the ordinary person to handle. "Very nice, if you know how to drive it!" was the recognised comment on any car of this category.

To-day, things have changed; and no car illustrates the change more pointedly than the Lagonda. The 16-80-h.p. model which I have recently been testing is, beyond question, a genuine sports car. It is fast: its maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 85 m.p.h. In top gear, it merely gives the sensation of getting comfortably into its stride when the speedometer needle hovers round the 60-m.p.h. mark. To obtain the best performance from the medium-sized engine, third gear requires to be used. On long hills, it is not unreasonable to change "down" at 50 and "up" again at, perhaps 60-m.p.h.

At the same time, I can say without fear of contradiction, that the Lagonda is emphatically a docile car. The engine is flexible; the driver is not forced to change gear. He merely does so when he feels so disposed. Moreover, so that he may never have to hesitate, the gear-box is such that no change can ever be bungled or "crashed."

Not all sports cars provide genuine comfort for the back-seat passenger. In the Lagonda, one sits fairly low, and enjoys ample leg-room as will be seen above



The 16-h.p. engine, although highly efficient, and developing great power, is perfectly straightforward in design. Note how the jack, starting handle, etc., are clipped into convenient positions

There is a useful small luggage locker of two- or three-suit-case capacity. A space is also available behind the back-seat cushions for housing the very complete set of side-screens for use when required

This gear-box deserves some description. It is of the epicyclic type—that which is most commonly controlled by means of a short lever mounted on the steering column. In the case of the Lagonda, however, an apparently normal gear lever provides the means of control. There is no "gate"; but a forward movement of the lever secures a change "down," while a backward movement effects a change "up." Motorists, in the main, being conservative creatures, I imagine that this more or less familiar presentation of a new gear-changing system will prove decidedly popular. Both the new and the old school of drivers should be satisfied.

PERSONALLY, I much hope that the Lagonda Company will succeed in its apparent aim of attracting the ordinary mortal to the sports type of motor-car. In this event, the latter will find much that should be to his taste, and which is seldom fully achieved by the staid "family" saloon. He will experience, for instance, admirable road holding, combined with a light but very definite style of steering, calculated to give absolute confidence at all speeds under all road conditions.

The new Lagonda, indeed, is a car built to secure the driver's confidence in all departments. Its brakes are of great power, lighter than usual in operation, and yet so progressive that they can be applied very firmly without ever tending to become "fierce." Its springing is excellent at high speed, and thoroughly satisfactory (this is where some fast cars fail!) when travelling slowly. The seating, both fore and aft, has been carefully thought out, and is extremely comfortable. Altogether, sports performance is combined, to a remarkable degree, with those qualities demanded by the practical, discriminating owner-driver.

JULY, 1933

1st to 10th inclusive

1st DOMINION DAY, Canada.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Hamilton Park and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings.
Motoring. British Empire Trophy, Brooklands.
Cycling. 50 miles Tandem paced and 1 mile Tandem National Championships, Herne Hill. Kentish Wheelers
Cricket. Lancashire v. West Indies, Liverpool.
Yachting. Royal Clyde Y.C. Regatta; R.M.Y.C. Chelsea Rochester Race Cruisers.
Swimming. Wembley Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Men's 220 yards.
Shows. Aldershot Horse and Hound.

3rd **Racing.** Nottingham.
Fencing. Epee Championships begin.
Golf. Open Championship begins, St. Andrews.
Bowls. Tournament, Paignton.

4th **Racing.** Nottingham, Bibury Club (Salisbury), Roscommon Meetings.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society's Show, Derby.

5th **Racing.** Bibury Club (Salisbury), Pontefract and Bellewstown Meetings.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval.
Speedway. National League Sheffield v. Nottingham.

6th **Racing.** Bibury Cup (Salisbury). Pontefract and Bellewstown Meetings.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Speedway. National League Wembley v. Plymouth.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Derby.

7th **Racing.** Lingfield Park, Haydock Park Meetings.
Athletics. A.A.A. Championships, White City.

8th **Racing.** Chepstow, Lingfield Park, Haydock Park.
Polo. Tyro Challenge Cup Final, Hurlingham. Subalterns Cup Final, Ranelagh. Open Challenge Cup Final, Roehampton.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Athletics. A.A.A. Championships, White City.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Derby.
Swimming. A.S.A. Ladies' Long Distance Championship, London. Plaistow United S.C. Gala; S.C.A.S.A. Men's 150 yards Backstroke.
Speedway. London Cup, Crystal Palace v. Wimbledon.
Yachting. Royal Ulster Yacht Club, Belfast Lough. R.M.Y.C. London - Cowes Race, (Cruisers). Royal Thames Y.C. "Morgan" Challenge Cup.
Greyhound Racing. West of England Gold Vase Flat (Final) Bristol.
Cycling. Manchester Wheelers 1000 yds. National Championships, Manchester.
Games. Border Games, Jedburgh, Scotland.

10th **Racing.** Chepstow Meeting.
Cricket. Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Lord's.
Shooting. N.R.A. Bisley Meeting begins.
Polo. Social Clubs Cup, Hurlingham. Coronation Cup, Ranelagh. Military Handicap Challenge Cup, Roehampton.
Lawn Tennis. E. of England Championships, Felixstowe.
Bowls. Southend - on - Sea Tournament.

Darts. Tournament throughout the month.

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London's Flying Schools and Clubs: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Club Facilities at Hatfield

HATFIELD AERODROME will come under the control of the Royal Aero Club on July 8th, the day on which the race for the King's Cup takes place. The de Havilland Club announces that the Swimming Pool and Squash Courts will be opened on July 1st, and it should be noted that their use is limited to members and friends, these including also members of the Stage and Screen Aero Club, whose headquarters are at Hatfield. The flying members of the latter have put in nearly 200 hours in the air during the last few months, and a number of useful recruits have joined for the summer, including Ben Lyon, who is a private owner in the States, and holds U.S. Army flying rank. Mr. James Raglan, who plays *While Parents Sleep*, is Honorary Secretary and Instructor to the Stage and Screen Club. The decease of Stag Lane as an aerodrome is to be regretted for many reasons, but especially because de Havillands have been compelled to sell owing to the encroachment of houses on their boundary. It seems time that airport owners applied for Parliamentary powers to safeguard the immediate vicinity of a flying area, otherwise regional planning experts will continue to overlook the danger to those who fly of allowing too many buildings near aerodrome sites. Hatfield will become the most important civil aerodrome north of London, and although it is farther away than Stag Lane, the country round about is much more pleasant for those learning to fly. In all probability the London Aeroplane Club will transfer its headquarters to Hatfield. Two of its members have entered, and will fly their machines in the race for the King's Cup, Mr. J. C. K. Watson with a Miles "Hawk," and Mr. L. Lipton with his Gipsy Moth. Mr. R. I. Pearse passed in night flying for his "B" licence, Lieut-Col. W. R. Harrison has obtained his "A" licence, and Mr. J. Scherrer made a first solo last week.

Aerofilms

Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, who has been learning to fly at Heston on an Avro "Cadet," with which the Airwork School is now equipped. Standing beside him is Captain V. H. Baker, who is the Chief Instructor at Heston

Well-Known People Train at Heston

BY a happy coincidence Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, was the first Heston pupil to take instruction on the Avro "Cadet," with which type the School is being equipped. Colonel L. Ropner, M.C., M.P., is the latest Member of Parliament to take instruction at the Airwork School and made a successful first solo. Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest and Mr. Robert Perkins were taught to fly in 1929, and Lord Borodale with Sir Alfred Beit last year. The Yorkshire Aeroplane Club, using the Leeds-Bradford Airport at Yeadon, has had a most successful year under the able management of Captain H. V. Worrall, D.S.C. At their Annual Display, held on June 17th, the Master of Sempill's Puss Moth excelled in the Concours d'Elégance, and the team race was won by the home club.

The club at the Ace of Spades on the Kingston By-Pass is holding a gala for flying people on Friday night, June 30th. A special landing ground has been licensed for the occasion, situated within 500 yards of the club, where parking and re-fuelling arrangements will be available for private 'planes and air taxis. Romford Aerodrome, the licence for which is limited to certain types of small and medium-sized aircraft, has been approved for Customs purposes, which is a convenience for passengers for the Eastern Counties and the East of London proceeding from Paris by Hillman Airways or air taxi.

"Expensive"

IN THE light of comparative prices, it cannot be said that our charges are low. We are, according to present-day standards, expensive.

But we would mention, as an axiom, that we use only the very finest materials and linings; for cheap clothes are but poor economy, they neither tailor well, nor do they last long.

It would be possible for us to produce a suit for six or seven guineas. A machine-sewn suit. Our Cutters, who are artists, would *not* be able to obtain that perfect style for which handsewing alone is responsible; but nicely pressed off, the suit would fit well and look well—for a month or two.

It might be argued, except by the most particular of men, that 4 or 5 guineas extra is a lot to pay for a little extra touch of style. It is.

But style is not the only quality imparted by handsewing. It is in the retention of shape and style that the essence of first class tailoring becomes apparent. For as soon as the press has worn off a machine-made suit, it begins to lose its shape; before long it will look like a rag. Whereas a handsewn garment will, if anything, improve with wear, retaining its style for decades, until it becomes a relic.

Only a handful of firms employ hand-labour, for it is a very costly item. Were we satisfied that machine labour were as good, should we be so foolish as to pay three times as much for production? We employ only the cream of the West End *Log* journeymen tailors because they are worth every penny of their costly labour.

These items—materials and hand-labour, together with the fact that we employ the most skilled cutters in the trade, make our clothes expensive. Not extravagantly so, for our organisation is run on the most economic lines, and our percentage of gross profit remarkably small.

One POPE and BRADLEY will outlast two or three machine-made suits, which means that this comparatively high initial outlay is eventually an economy.

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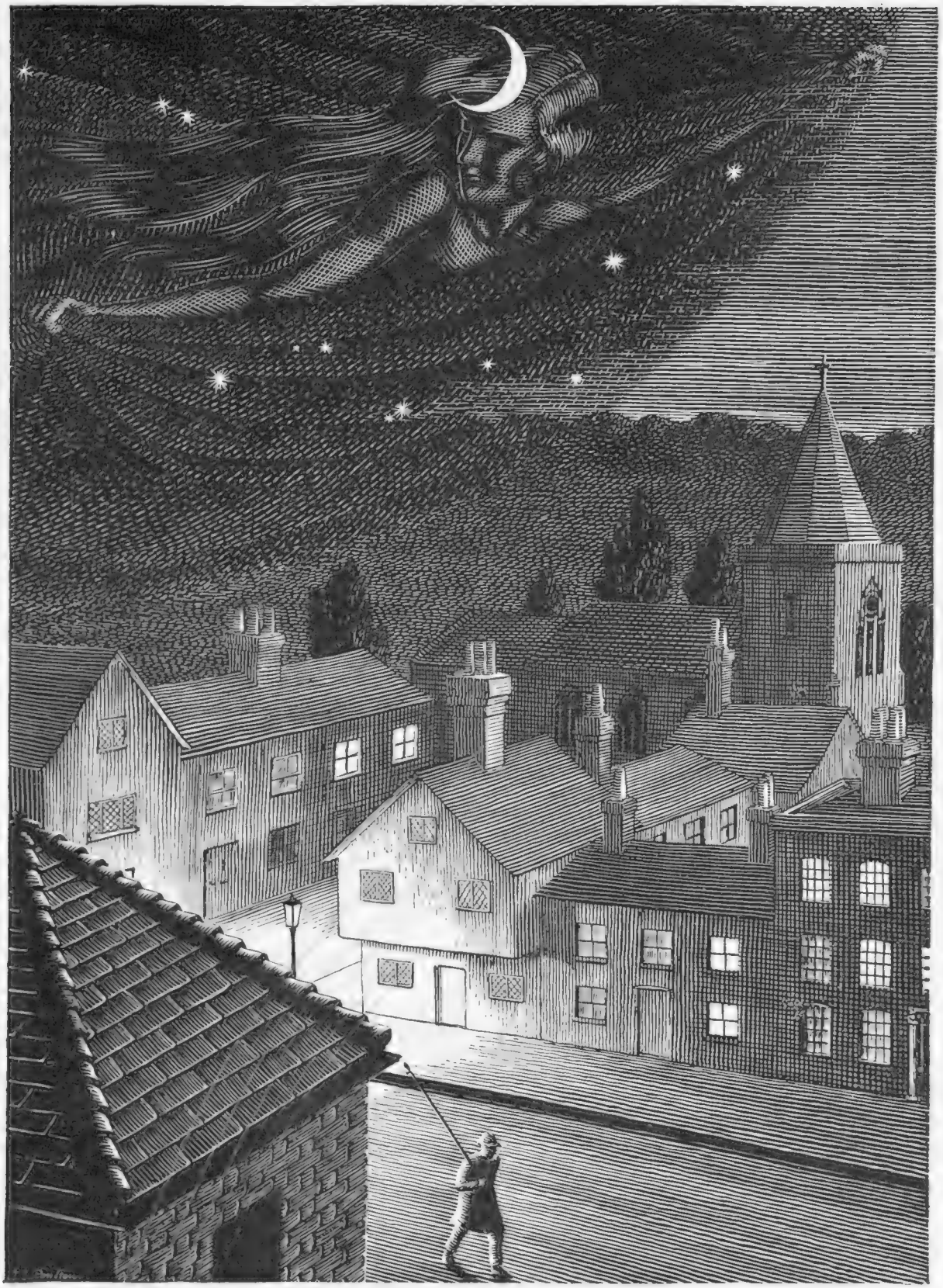
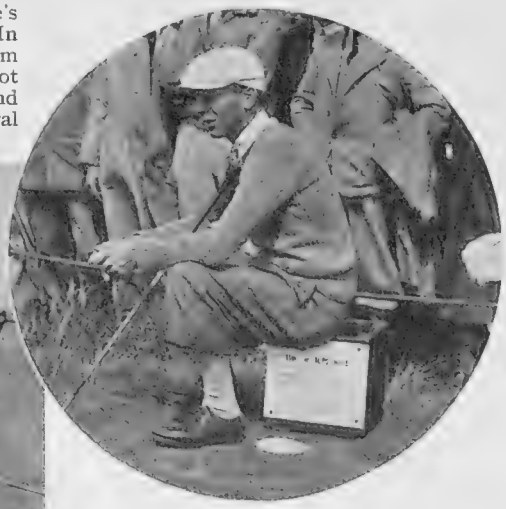


. . . at last—nightfall, a comfortable chair, a lazy conversation with old friends; at last—that one perfect moment when the old familiar square bottle, the glasses, and the syphon clink in chorus . . . "Well, it's been a very good day"—Johnnie Walker.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued from page 592)*

I HAVE one doubt only about Somerville's play for the purposes of Hoylake. In common with many of the Americans whom he vanquished last year, he plays every shot with a slight draw. Now, wherever the wind may come from, there are bound to be several holes where a pronounced draw simply will not do. It seems to me that Somerville may not be able to control that draw in the unaccustomed gale of wind in which he may be called upon to play. This is in no way derogatory to him: he is such a good golfer that a few months in this country would certainly find him mastering the elements as far as they ever can be mastered. But, not unnaturally, he has only found the time for a few weeks of acclimatisation.

Douglas Grant (Royal St. George's), the Surrey champion, and Jack McClean (Hayston), Scottish and Irish amateur champion, competitors in the British Amateur Championship at Hoylake



C. Ross Somerville, the Canadian invader and Amateur Champion of America, another competitor in the Championship at Hoylake awaits his turn

SHOULD Somerville fail in this Championship I can already hear insularly gratified Englishmen stating that these darned invaders cannot take our Amateur Championship from us—not they! unless, of course, they happen to be Bobby Jones. That is all very well; what happened to Bobby Jones, after all, in his first three championships over here? I am not suggesting that Ross Somerville is as good as Bobby Jones—he is at present obviously not in the same class. But he is darned good, whatever he may do in this Championship.

THE other important invader is George Dunlap, from the United States. Dunlap has a distinguished record in amateur golf in America, and he has been a member of the American Walker Cup side. What is more, he is likely to be again. But to look at him I doubt whether you would think so, except on the greens. He has rather a flashy style; none of that lazy, almost insolent, ease of swing which we are accustomed to look for in the first-class American golfer. But he is good all right, and on the greens he is a fiend, as are so many of his compatriots. Dunlap may be concerned in the later stages of the Championship: indeed, he seems to fulfil my own previously stated pattern for a successful Hoylake golfer—straightness and good putting. But, somehow, I think that wind which we expect may disturb that straightness from the tee, and once again come to the rescue of an almost shattered British golfer.

One thing is very noticeable here at Hoylake—the number of competitors who have not the slightest chance of figuring in the final. Why not let them qualify—let them prove that they are worth their place. There is little doubt that there is an ever-growing feeling among competitors in favour of 36 holes of qualifying stroke play.

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The Doggy World

The Largest Show in the World : By Lady Kitty Ritson

Thunder of Lligwy, an Irish water-spaniel belonging to Capt. M. I. H. Anwyl, who has won many firsts and challenge certificates with this breed, which is now rarely seen, although it produces excellent workers

I WISH I could give you a bird's-eye view of the largest one-day show in the world—the Morris and Essex, held in Mrs. Hartley Dodge's grounds at Giralda Farms, Madison, New Jersey. It is unlike any other show, because it boasts the largest entry of dogs ever seen at a one-day show (this year there were 2350 dogs), and because there is about it a feeling of "personality" which you never experience anywhere else.

I was judging Alsatians and elk-hounds, and I awoke in my large, quiet room to a blue sky and glowing sunshine. All around the show-ground are magnificent trees and wooded slopes stretching away to more forests, where, only 200 years ago, the Iroquois and the Mohawk wandered, and where, even now, you can meet deer and bear. The show-ground is covered with large tents, all bordered with scalloped crimson cloth, reminding one of the days of tourneys and knights, rather than of anything so prosaic as a dog-show. The catalogues are bound in purple cloth, with a gold monogram in the middle, and, at the beginning of each breed, photographs of all the judges. This must be so satisfactory, I feel, for disgruntled exhibitors, who can go home and stick a pin into the pictured eye of the judge who has put their dog last, or make insulting remarks to his face!

Every exhibitor is the guest of the Morris and Essex Club, and is provided with a free luncheon, which is an innovation I have never met anywhere else. This time, just before luncheon, each judge was presented with a penknife, with his or her name inscribed thereon, as a memento of the day. All these touches give one a delightful feeling of individuality, and Mrs. Dodge herself flits round the ground, with a word for everybody and that welcome which makes you feel that it is all great fun, and that there is none of the sordidness which so often accompanies a show.

HERE you see dogs that you meet nowhere else. In this corner are several Kuvasz, dogs which look like white collies with feathery waving tails; and here are several Eskimo, which are really huskies, but with attested pedigrees for several generations and no mixture of wolf blood.

The Chesapeakes have a ring to themselves, and they have furnished a large entry. As far as I know, there are none in England, but they are very popular out here as gun-dogs. They have red-rust curly coats, which are absolutely impervious to rain and mist, and the story of their origin is romantic. About a hundred years ago, a sailing-ship, which had on board a couple of the old-fashioned Newfoundland dogs, was wrecked. These dogs swam ashore and mated with the coon-dogs that they found running round, and from these matings sprang the modern Chesapeake.

The Kuvasz come from Hungary, where they are the shepherd-dog of the country. They have a setter type of coat and a feathered tail, like a setter, and are some of the handsomest dogs I have seen.

By six o'clock, this vast assembly of dogs had been judged, even down to the "best in the show," which turned out to be the ubiquitous wire-haired terrier, and everybody was on their way home from the largest and most colourful show in the world.

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It is a car of balanced features—no one attribute has been stressed at the expense of others—speed, power, safety, economy, comfort, and distinction, all are blended to give motoring that is completely satisfying and it has Synchro-Mesh faultless gear change.

Two power ratings are available. 12 h.p. (£12 tax) for the motorist who desires true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating cost and 14 h.p. (£14 tax) for those who want an extra reserve of power and turn of speed.

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The Editor's Box

Spiez-am-Thunersee

" . . . Beyond a Hill—Beyond a Hill "

One of the loveliest of the little mountain towns of the Bernese Oberland is Spiez, lying, fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, on the shores of the Thunersee. There is very lovely walking country all around the lake, and for the mountaineer there are climbs in the lower mountains, and glacier tours. Spiez has all the holiday requirements of the English sport-lover to offer—tennis, golf, sailing, motor-boating, and swimming, both indoor and outdoor. And there is good fishing to be had in the mountain torrents of the Kander and the Simme, as well as in the Thunersee itself. It 's a place to be remembered, is Spiez, amongst the less hackneyed and more beautiful of holiday possibilities.

For Your Good Health

Many people who realise the value of magnesium as a natural antidote to the presence of an undue amount of acid in the system, are not aware that this remedy also carries with it certain dangers. If taken in the solid form it is liable to form dangerous concretions in the stomach. In the fluid form, that is, as bicarbonate of magnesium, it is a mild, non-irritating and gently laxative salt, which neutralises all acids and acts as a sedative to the digestive organs. In this connection, " Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia " has been found most beneficial and effective by thousands of families and individuals now for a number of years. It possesses all the advantages of solid magnesia over other forms of medicinal alkalis, while lacking the concomitant dangers already referred to. If it is thought desirable to increase its laxative effect, this can be done by combining it with fresh lemon juice.

The Gourmet : Conducted by Emilia

A Variety of Salads

A Fish Salad

TAKE some cooked white fish, such as turbot, and separate the flesh from the bones. Skin and flake it. Peel three tomatoes and cut them in small pieces. Mix with the fish, adding also three or four minced anchovies, a hard-boiled egg (also minced), and a cupful of boiled rice. Make a mayonnaise sauce—adding a spoonful of thick cream. Serve the fish surrounded with a lettuce salad, and pour the sauce over.

Shikaree Salad

WASH, dry, and break up some lettuce, with cress and beetroot, and pour over a salad dressing made as follows : Mix a teaspoonful of cayenne with a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Put the mixture into a small saucepan, and pour over it two wineglassfuls of claret and the strained juice of a large lemon. Stir the liquor over the fire till the sugar is dissolved and it is quite hot : then let it cool, and add to it the yolk of an egg, and four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and mix well.

Cauliflower Salad

BOIL a cauliflower in salted water until tender ; when cold cut it into neat sprigs. Beat together three tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt. Rub the bowl slightly with a raw onion, arrange the pieces of cauliflower in it, strew over them some capers, a little tarragon, chervil and parsley, all finely minced. Set on ice, and serve in a green salad garnished with sliced tomato.

Sweetbread, Macaroni and Tomato Salad

PREPARE a calf's sweetbread for cooking, parboil it, and then stew gently until tender, in a little well-seasoned stock. When done, divide into small pieces. Drop a little macaroni into fast-boiling salted water, and boil until soft. Cut in inch lengths, and separate on a plate to cool. Make a thick mayonnaise sauce. When the sweetbread and macaroni are cold, dress them in a salad bowl with chopped lettuce and cress, decorate with tomato, and put on ice.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By " Maquillage "

REJUVENATION.

A Scientific Method of Revivifying and Renewing the Skin's Underlying Cells and so dissipating all Symptoms of Age.

AFTER reading the advertisement on a label decorating a bottle of alcoholic " aperitif," someone said, " Well, if you believe all that, it is not safe to go a day without a dose ! " and the same phrase is applicable to many beauty preparations and panaceas.

Experience teaches one to be sceptical of exaggerated claims. We know that by the simple application of a cream or by imbibing one spoonful of tonic we cannot become young, beautiful and healthy in a night, and the preparations and formulæ for which no miracle-working properties are claimed therefore recommend themselves to our attention.

THIRTY years ago, Dr. Kapp of Leipzig University was a famous and successful cosmetic surgeon. Ever since then he has devoted himself to the study of dermatology—the conditions, internal and external, which govern the health, beauty and usefulness of the skin. His researches and operations led him to the conclusion that the symptoms of age, such as wrinkles, sagging and loss of colouring, are due to the shrinkage and atrophy of the epithelial cells which underlie the epidermis and decrease in number and size with advancing years.

After many years of experimentation, he discovered a serum which has a definite and measurable effect on these important cells, nourishing, reviving and increasing their number and activity. This serum has been incorporated with certain glandular products, which assist its absorption, in tablets which have been put on the market in this country under the name W.5 Brand tablets, by the Gelty Distributing Co., 158-162, Oxford Street, W.

They have been tested and reported on by a number of doctors in Europe and America, and articles about their action have appeared in famous medical journals throughout the world. There seems no doubt that a course of W.5 tablets will re-establish wasted tissues, by producing organic reconstruction, improve general health and give back to patients under treatment the unwrinkled complexion that was theirs in youth, or previous to debilitating illness or fatigue. But it is *not* claimed that this will happen in five minutes or five days. A full course, amounting to at least a month's treatment must be taken. The tablets are made up both for men and women.

THE Gelty Distributing Company issue an extremely interesting illustrated booklet describing the action of Dr. Kapp's discovery on the constitution, with extracts from reports by doctors and in medical journals, and anyone interested in this development of the science of rejuvenation would do well to possess themselves of this little book and to study the subject for themselves. If thereby they are convinced of the soundness of the theory and inclined to take a course of W.5 tablets, they are now obtainable from all chemists and stores, who, if they do not already stock them, can obtain them direct from the distributors.

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Although the bathe and sand siesta monopolize the morning, the East Coast tennis courts loom largely during summer afternoons. Often they are within view of the shore, forming a wide green border to the biscuit-brown sands. In such a situation the flat-on-the-back fraternity hear two muffled accompaniments to the seaside song. Beyond their feet the soporific wavelets intone the main melody gently, insidiously: and somewhere behind the prone community the staccato p-ing of gut on ball stabs the stillness. Voices cut sharply into prolonged quiescences . . . "Thirty-love" . . . "Well played, partner" . . . The courts are in the full swing of their games. White figures moving swiftly on green: blue water sparkling to a blurred horizon: a quiver of heat rising from the sand. That is a typical East Coast summer scene. And could anything be lovelier?

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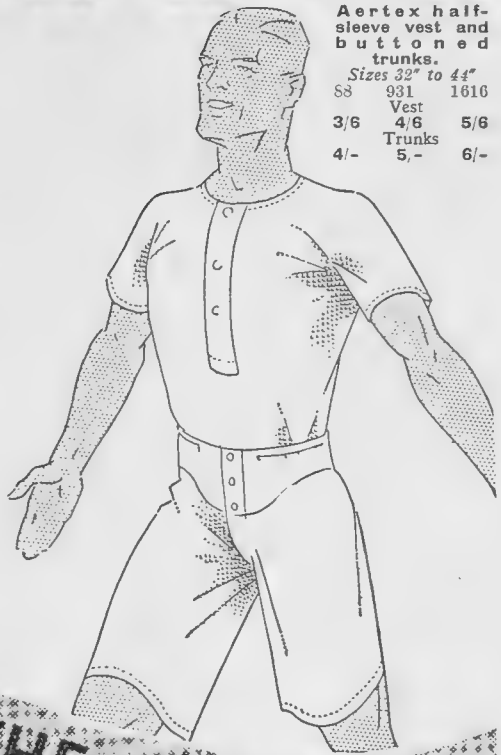

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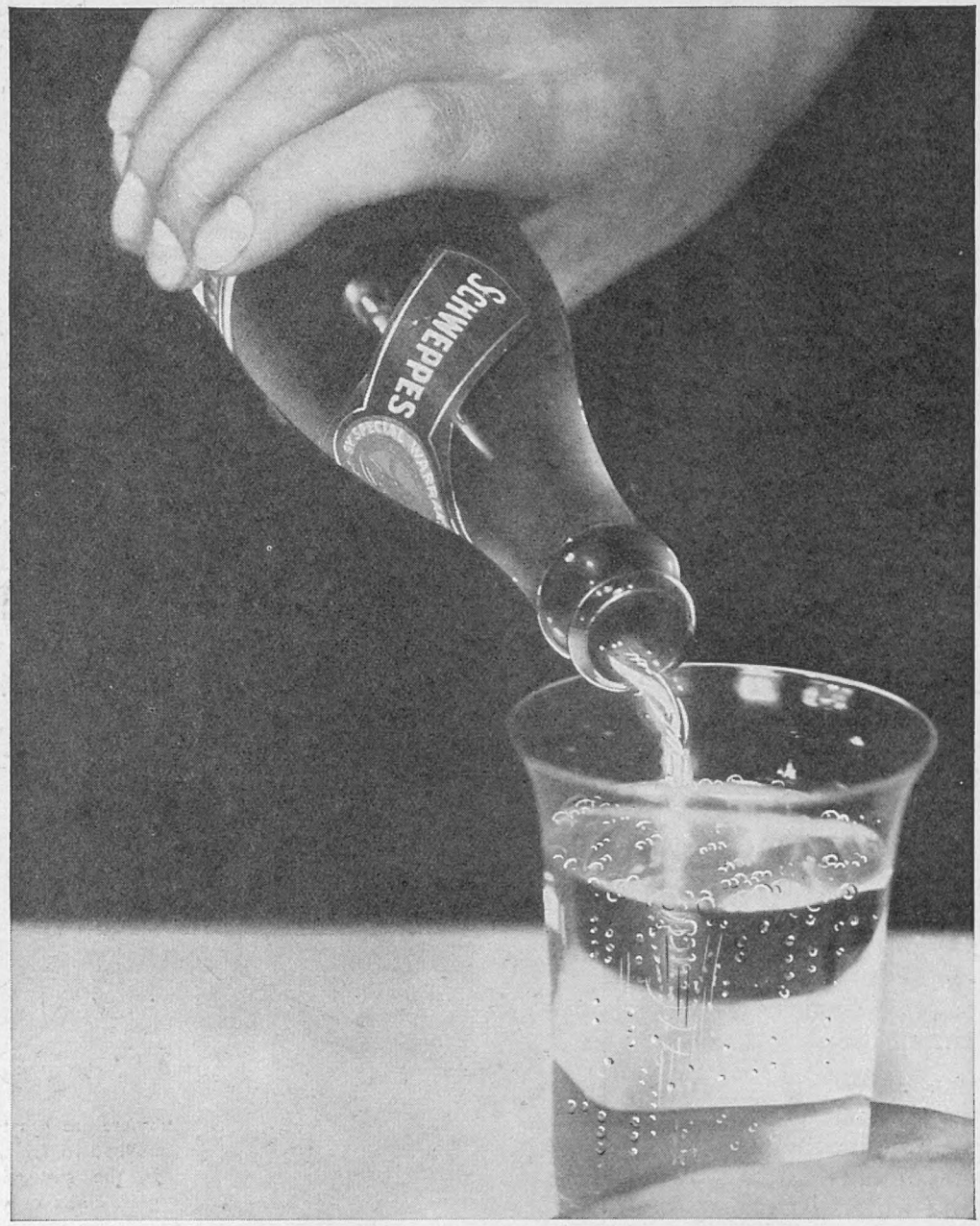

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